CONTENTS.

Volume 241, Number 5

LETTERS
130

EDITORIALS
129 Blowing Peace Out of the Water
131 Apartheid Quakes
132 Runaway Chemicals
133 High-Tech Secrets — *David Kahn*

COLUMNS
134 Beat the Devil — *Alexander Cockburn*
136 Dispatches — *Kai Bird and Max Holland*
138 Minority Report — *Christopher Hitchens*

Drawings by M.G. Lord

ARTICLES
129 Sandinistas' No-Win Choice: Arms From the U.S.S.R.— Or From Nobody — *George Black and Robert Matthews*
139 Zimbabwe's Elections: Mugabe Brooks No Opposition — *David Caute*
145 The New Age Movement: The Politics of Transcendence — *Harvey Wasserman*

BOOKS & THE ARTS
150 Huck at 100 — *Leo Marx*
152 Art — *Arthur C. Danto*
155 Dance — *Mindy Aloff*

Editor, Victor Navasky

Executive Editor, Richard Lingeman; *Associate Editors,* Elsa Dixler, Andrew Kopkind; *Assistant Editor,* Katrina vanden Heuvel; *Literary Editor,* Elizabeth Pochoda; *Assistant Literary Editor,* Maria Margaronis; *Poetry Editor,* Grace Schulman; *Copy Chief,* JoAnn Wypijewski; *Assistant Copy Editors,* Anthony Borden, Judith Long, Art Winslow; *Carey McWilliams Fellow,* Micah L. Sifry; *Editorial Secretary,* Marpessa Dawn Outlaw; *Interns,* Lee Feinstein, Michael Friedman, Theodore Hirsch, Kyle Kevorkian (Washington), Rosanna Perotti, Mai-Lan Pham, Ulrike Plewnia, Ellen Siff. *On leave,* Kai Bird, Katha Pollitt.

Departments: Art, Arthur C. Danto; *Dance,* Mindy Aloff; *Films,* Andrew Kopkind; *Lingo,* Jim Quinn; *Music,* David Hamilton; *Theater,* Paul Berman; *Correspondents: Washington, D.C.,* Christopher Hitchens; *Latin America,* Penny Lernoux; *Europe,* Daniel Singer; *London,* Raymond Williams; *Paris,* Claude Bourdet; *Defense,* Michael T. Klare; *Columnists and Regular Contributors:* Calvin Trillin (*Uncivil Liberties*), Stephen F. Cohen (*Sovieticus*), Kai Bird & Max Holland (*Dispatches*), Alexander Cockburn (*Beat the Devil*), Thomas Ferguson & Joel Rogers (*The Political Economy*). *Contributing Editors:* Blair Clark, Herman Schwartz, Gore Vidal. *Editorial Board:* James Baldwin, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Philip Green, Elinor Langer, Sidney Morgenbesser, Aryeh Neier, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, A.W. Singham, Roger Wilkins, Alan Wolfe.

Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* David Acker, Christopher Bille, Carl Gottesman; *Nation Associates,* Nancy Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1985 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Office*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington DC 20002 (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: *The Nation*, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Subscription Price*: One year, $40; two years, $72; six months, $20. Add $7 per year for postage in Canada, Mexico; $13 per year for other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days foreign) of publications date. **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $3 prepaid ($4 foreign) from: *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Apartheid Quakes

In seasons of great turmoil and social upheaval history seems to speed up. What journalist James North once clocked as "South Africa's slow march to freedom" accelerates with each day's events to a rapid run. Reporters and political scientists, who need fixed rates of change and predictable processes to validate their observations, are blinded by the speed. Just a month ago, the sporadic demonstrations in South Africa's black townships were dismissed as futile expressions of rage by idle teen-agers, and the white regime of President P.W. Botha admired as a rock of stability in a sea of chaos. Bishop Desmond Tutu represented the great white hope for moderation, and the forces advocating black rebellion were belittled as weak, disorganized and unsupported.

Now all that has changed, and the critical realities of the South African earthquake demand a radically new assessment. The status quo keeps slipping all the time. Bishop Tutu, once cautious about calling for economic sanctions against the government, says he may soon support violent revolution. Black community leaders and churchmen find that the center they once inhabited no longer holds and they must run faster to keep up with their followers. The Botha government, which all but promised President Reagan's emissaries in Vienna that it would announce reforms in the apartheid laws, an end to the repressive state of emergency and freedom for political prisoners, including African National Congress chair Nelson Mandela, retreated instead to the laager of white supremacy and unyielding privilege.

Since the white press here is neither prepared nor equipped

The Sherrell Library
East Tennessee State University
City, Tennessee 37614
AUG 30 1985
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to cover black South Africa except in terms of its most telegenic leaders and dramatic symbols, we know little about the shape of the rebellion, its possible course or its likely future. But the polarization that is apparent must also affect relationships in the black nation, for a shrinking center is another hallmark of a revolutionary situation in its formative stage.

The deepening crisis in South Africa has only just begun to reverberate beyond its own continent, but it may well affect American affairs as profoundly as it alters the state of its origin. Blacks in the United States represent the strongest, most consistent and, potentially, the most coherent community of opposition. They oppose the Reagan Administration with near unanimity, but they also stand apart from the policies and attitudes of the Democratic establishment. Moreover, black struggles for social justice, from the abolition of slavery to the civil rights campaign, have mobilized whites to action across a broad range of issues. The white student revolt of the 1960s had its beginnings in the black sit-ins, and the modern feminist movement, antiwar and antinuclear activism, inner-city community organizing, the war on poverty and just about every other progressive drive for empowerment on the American scene for two decades were influenced strategically and thematically by the black revolt.

American blacks' identification with South African blacks has already had a significant impact on political direction and social peace in this country. This spring, scores of college campuses were disrupted by demonstrations the likes of which had not been seen in fifteen years. The streets and squares will surely be filled come fall. Congress is ready to demand some kind of sanctions against South Africa, and President Reagan will be hard pressed to maintain the level of support for white South Africa desired by Senator Jesse Helms, the Rev. Jerry Falwell and other members of the Republican Party's racist right. It is now virtually impossible for any U.S. President to aid the Botha regime militarily and still keep political peace at home. It may even prove difficult for Reagan to allow Israel, America's pre-eminent client state, to continue to hold South Africa in its shameful and lonely embrace.

Like it or not, white South Africa is a crucial outpost of the American empire, defending the massive U.S. economic investment in that country as well as what Botha calls "Western civilization." Unless the United States turns 180 degrees, withdraws its economic and political support from the white minority and stands solidly with the black majority, every attack on the South African government will be seen as a blow against the empire, and the din will resonate throughout its reaches. The coming war in South Africa, which has now barely begun, will have consequences for U.S. military designs in Central America, for relations with the Soviet Union, for U.S. policy in the rest of the Third World and for domestic politics. Those consequences are ultimately unpredictable, and out of the hands of the busy crisis managers in Washington. But as history shifts into high gear, "ultimately" will prove to be a lot sooner than anyone might have thought.

Runaway Chemicals

The cause of the leak of toxic gas from Union Carbide's plant in Institute, West Virginia, is still under investigation, but such evidence as is available points to a systems failure. Apparently, steam leaked into the jacket around a tank in which 500 gallons of aldicarb oxime and methylene chloride were stored. This triggered a chemical reaction sending gas into pipes that were supposed to convey it to a scrubber, where it would be neutralized. The pipes were too small, however, the pressure ruptured several disks and the gas escaped.

As the company did after a much more serious venting of highly lethal methyl isocyanate killed more than 2,000 people in Bhopal, India, Union Carbide may imply that the occurrence was unique, an aberration. Such a claim with regard to the Institute facility flouts the laws of probability, though, because a Congressional investigation of the plant conducted after the Bhopal tragedy discovered that there had been sixty-two accidental leaks in the past five years. Of course, Union Carbide installed a $5 million safety system earlier this year and promises that next time it will avoid needless delay in warning the public.

But it is time to stop entrusting our safety to the chemical companies. The government must step in and impose stricter standards on the industry—regulations that require better safety systems and qualified personnel monitoring them. And there must be greater public accountability by management. As Robert Engler wrote in *The Nation*'s April 27 special issue on the Bhopal catastrophe, "Decisions on what basic technologies are needed and how and where they are to be introduced must involve people in the affected communities and workplaces." The technical solutions are complex, expensive and time-consuming. The companies will resist; there will be threats by some to close a facility rather than comply with stricter safety and clean-air standards. Local residents, dependent on the plant for jobs, will, understandably, oppose such standards in the absence of provisions by government to cushion them against the loss of income.

Nevertheless, the nation must recognize that the manufacture, storage, transportation and disposal of toxic chemicals are becoming a greater menace with each passing year. Congress is considering legislation that would merely compile a list of the deadliest chemicals and require state governors to devise disaster plans to deal with their accidental escape. Far more comprehensive measures are needed, beginning with Federal laws that would help prevent such accidents. We are playing with chemicals whose potencies we don't understand, while allowing private companies to exploit them unchecked.

In Charleston, West Virginia, where hundreds of chemical workers turned out for a demonstration in support of Union Carbide, Mayor Michael Roark said that people must "deal with the risks of the industrial revolution." But the real question is, Who will bear those risks? As it stands, the corporations that profit from the substances are not shouldering their share.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High-Tech Secrets

Government representatives and scare headlines portray the alleged spy ring of John A. Walker Jr. and his confederates as a knife to the heart of American national security. Neither the government nor the press knows in detail what information Walker and the others may have passed to the Soviet Union, but I believe the damage is not as great as the hysteria makes it seem.

Size and complexity protect modern military systems. A submarine, for example, has propulsion, sonar, radar and weapons subsystems, each with its own construction specifications, technical manuals and operating instructions. Although 129 classified documents were found in one bag seized by the F.B.I. and fifteen pounds of documents were found near the bunk of another suspect, these and the other material delivered over the years amount to a drop in the bucket compared with the tons of paper and billions of bytes needed to run the military today. Nor can an entire system—even an entire operation within that system—be understood from its components. Revealing the sensitivity of the sonobuoys used to track Soviet submarines would not disclose the pattern-recognition techniques used to discriminate between the sonar echoes returned by whales, schools of fish and submarines.

Beyond that, secrets become obsolete. Suppose that five years ago the spy ring gave the Russians documents showing the speed at which Soviet submarines are detectable by the United States. By now, advances in ocean acoustics, sensors, microprocessors and mathematics will almost certainly have lowered that figure.

There are also economic and political limitations on the usefulness of purloined information. Before the United States entered World War II, German spies stole the Norden bombsight, whispered to be the nation's biggest secret. But the Luftwaffe had installed its own bombsight, the Lothfe, and did not want to replace it with the Norden and retrain all the bombardiers. The effect of the great spy coup was almost nil. In the same way, the Soviet Union has produced a class of submarines, the Alfa, that is fast but noisy. The Russians chose speed over silence for their own reasons, and more detailed knowledge of American antisubmarine warfare probably wouldn't induce them to make fundamental changes.

Moreover, the purported cryptographic loss is not as severe as some accounts suggest. Because one member of the alleged ring had been a cryptographic equipment repairman for the Navy, the press and Defense Department officials claim that he could have given the Russians details of U.S. cryptosystems. But the heart of today's cipher machines is probably a computer chip bonded in epoxy. Various safeguards make that chip almost impossible to steal. Furthermore, knowledge of the general cryptographic system, the part embodied in the chip, does not by itself enable a cryptanalyst to read a message. He or she also needs the specific keys that control the variables of that system. Today those keys may be stored in read-only memories and inserted automatically into the cipher machine; the human operator never knows what they are. Or a computerized key-management center may generate fresh keys and send them to the cipher machine, again without the operator's participation. And because keys usually change from message to message, even knowledge of both the general system and the keys for a message will allow cryptanalysts to read only that message.

For that reason, a recent *New York Times* report that "the Soviet Union was able to make use of coding machines taken from the American spy ship Pueblo in 1968 to read coded traffic" is nonsense. At worst, a few messages to and from the Pueblo might have been read. Because of advances in semiconductor and computer technology, new cipher machines have certainly been introduced since 1968.

The same news story stated that one member of the alleged ring "gave the Soviet Union years of access to the Navy's satellite communications network" by revealing the "secret" frequencies "over which communications were being broadcast from satellites." In fact, those frequencies have been published. For instance, FLEETSATCOM Frequency Plan Alpha Channel 18 at 260.775 megahertz is one of the Navy's communications satellite downlinks. And anyone with a dish antenna almost anywhere in the hemisphere can hear the signals simply by scanning the frequency spectrum, just as a radio listener can tune across the dial, seeking rock music or a ball game.

Feeding the spying hype is the excessive secrecy in government. The basis for grading material "top secret" is that its loss would cause "exceptionally grave damage to the national security." The contention of the military, foreign policy and intelligence establishments that if disclosed their secrets could practically start a war with the Soviet Union is, to anyone who has ever read those banal documents, utterly unconvincing.

The Walker case hype has served some purposes. It has helped sell newspapers and magazines and raise television ratings. It has justified larger appropriations for the counterespionage agencies. It has perhaps made it easier to restore the death penalty for espionage in peacetime—a punishment that in this case at least is far out of proportion to the damage apparently done. But it has not served the truth. Sometimes spy rings are blown; this one was overblown.

DAVID KAHN

David Kahn, a Newsday *editor, is the author of* The Codebreakers *and* Hitler's Spies *(both Macmillan).*

TO OUR READERS

With this issue *The Nation* resumes its weekly publication schedule.

Also, our September 21 issue will be devoted to an examination of the United Nations—its problems, achievements and role in today's world.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEAT THE DEVIL.

Pol Pot on West 43rd

The eagerness of *The New York Times* to print the news increases exponentially the farther the news is from New York City. Sydney Schanberg wrote an energetic column about New York. He even dared to write harshly about Westway, the construction and real estate industries and white-collar chicanery of diverse sorts. He thus caused great offense to the proprietor of *The Times* and to high-level executives of the newspaper and was summarily relieved of his column last week. There is nothing surprising in that. The family that sustained Robert Moses and now desires Westway at least had the good taste to stay its hand as long as *The Killing Fields* was on the circuit.

Conspiracies From Costa Rica

On Sunday, July 28, Martha Honey, a journalist based in San José, Costa Rica, reported on the Canadian Broadcasting System's *Sunday Morning* about a right-wing group in Central America that, among other things, organized the attempted assassination of ARDE leader Edén Pastora Gómez last year.

Her chief source, a self-described anticommunist who recently left the group and now calls himself a "traitor to a dirty cause," explained that the group plots violent actions, often against civilians, which can then be blamed on the Sandinistas. He identified the person who, disguised as a Danish photographer, planted the bomb that killed three journalists and wounded two dozen others at Pastora's press conference last May.

According to Honey, the would-be assassin of Pastora was a Libyan right-wing exile. He was apparently hired in Chile early last year by representatives of the group, including an American C.I.A. agent who operates undercover as a journalist. Honey's source told her that the Pastora bombing was planned in Honduras by the leaders of the F.D.N., the main *contra* group. Also involved in the planning were another American, "a wealthy rancher," who is the chief F.D.N. and C.I.A. liaison in Costa Rica, and two Cuban-Americans who have been fighting with the F.D.N. in Costa Rica and who have ties with right-wing exile groups in Miami. Honey quoted her source as saying, "The group has the support and cooperation of a number of Costa Rican government officials, businessmen and journalists. They planted false stories in the press blaming the bombing on the Sandinistas and helped [the Libyan] get out of the country."

Honey said she had learned from the defector that the group is about to launch a series of terrorist attacks in Costa Rica and Honduras, with bombings against the U.S. Embassies in both Tegucigalpa and San José as well as against the offices of the Costa Rican President.

In an article printed in *The Sunday Times* of London the same day as her broadcast was aired on the CBC, Honey added that "in what appeared to be a further preparatory move a far-right organization, Costa Rica Libre, recently placed advertisements in the local press saying that Costa Rican left wingers, acting on behalf of the Sandinistas, intended to bomb the U.S. Embassy in San Jose." Honey quoted a left-wing member of the Costa Rican parliament, Sergio Eric Ardon, as saying that his own political party was being set up as the supposed perpetrator of attacks on U.S. targets. Ardon told Honey he had been shown forged documents, allegedly originating from within his party, which included a plan of the embassy. "If this scenario is true," Honey concluded her CBC broadcast, "it appears that . . . [the] terrorist group [is], with the assistance of C.I.A. agents in the region, preparing a series of dirty tricks designed to give the Reagan Administration the excuse it needs to launch direct military strikes against Nicaragua." In *The Sunday Times* Honey quoted "a senior administration official in Washington" as saying, "We continue to be concerned about the connection between the communist government in Managua and known terrorist groups. It is entirely possible that stories of this nature may presage attempts on Americans perpetrated by these groups in an effort to establish a prior disclaimer."

Four days later an associate of Honey in San José, Tony Avergen, outlined some of the same material on National Public Radio. Avergen was injured in the attempt on Pastora.

Christian Doctrine

You may be sure that one person taking Sandinista provocation stories at face value will be Shirley Christian, recently recruited to *The New York Times*. She arrived with notoriously conservative credentials and she has lost no time living up to them. Her front-page story in *The Times* for August 18 was a gem of tendentiousness.

The article was another in the unending series based on leaks from National Security Council ultras (unnamed by *The Times* but including Lieut. Col. Oliver North, Constantine Menges and kindred fanatics) about the necessity, not to say inevitability, of overthrowing the Sandinistas. Readers are by now familiar with the genre, which takes the form of a strong declarative lead (as with Christian's "Reagan Administration officials . . . say United States differences with Nicaragua cannot be resolved as long as the Sandinistas remain in power, and some indicate they favor the overthrow of the Sandinista leadership"), ornamented by a *pro forma* shift to a minor key ("Robert C. McFarlane, President Reagan's national security adviser, said in response to an inquiry that it was 'absolutely not' the policy of the United States to overthrow the Sandinistas"), before getting down to the fundamental question asked by all Reagan officials, high or low: not whether the Sandinistas should be overthrown but whether it can be done and whether the American people will stand for it.

It's been traditional for *New York Times* reporters to balance the rabid sentiments of Reagan's officials with "moderate" voices. But there was no such balancing act in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Christian's Sunday report, which furthermore gave an extremely partial account of recent diplomatic history. "In recent months," she wrote, "diplomatic efforts have encountered many roadblocks. The Central American peace initiative of the so-called Contadora countries came to a standstill in June when Nicaragua demanded that the participants take up the issue of Washington's support of the contras." This is a curious way of reviewing the history of the Contadora process, which foundered after the United States pressured Honduras and El Salvador to scupper the discussions because, on the issues of force levels in the region and on the export of terror, Nicaragua was raising the sticky matter of U.S. military presence. Later in the article, Christian chose to describe Nicaragua's relations with El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala in these bizarre terms: "The Sandinista leadership has proposed agreements with individual Central American governments in recent months that would address some of the concerns of each of them, asking in turn that the other country abandon or soften its demand for democratization in Nicaragua." The reader is thus asked to believe that the "democratization" of Nicaragua is the paramount concern of the military men who guide the destinies of El Salvador, Honduras and Guatemala. When they hear the word "democracy," their hands shake so much they have to sit on them. The absurdity of the word "democratization" proved too much for someone at *The Times* because it was dropped in later editions of the paper, and the words "internal changes" were substituted.

The assumptions of the Administration thus become the assumptions of the reporter. What we have is not journalism in any useful sense of that word but the crudest propaganda. It is as though a *Times* story from Berlin in 1938 said in passing, "Relations between the overwhelmingly Aryan inhabitants of the Third Reich and its Jewish minority have been deteriorating ever since the Jews seized control of crucial sectors of the nation's economy, security apparatus and mass media, and strove to introduce a communist form of government, along with certain forms of child sacrifice conducted under the dictates of what Third Reich intelligence officials who have analyzed the documents describe as internal 'protocols.'"

The World in a Nutshell

● Sweden's press researcher, Sigvard Hadrianus, made an interesting investigation earlier this year. He sought to learn what headline was used most frequently in the Swedish press in 1984. The answer: "Why is there so much silence over the war in Afghanistan?" It was used in different newspapers 191 times.

● *The Village Voice* further moderates its already decorous attitude toward its owner. It barely left a mark on Rupert Murdoch in recent years, and it seems that the new proprietor, Leonard Stern, potentate of pet food, need not worry. The original draft of an article by Christopher Hitchens in *The Voice* a few weeks ago had a mildly disobliging reference to Stern's self-proclaimed hawkish views on national defense. This reference was promptly expunged by *Voice* editor-publisher David Schneiderman.

AIDS of the Party

Traditional hatred between the French and Belgian Embassies in Moscow impelled a Belgian diplomat to leak to an intermediary the entirely false news that there was a case of AIDS in the French Embassy. The intermediary shared this tidbit with the Moscow correspondent of *The Times* of London, who promptly transmitted the story to his newspaper. Back at the foreign news desk in London the editors decided that mention of an embassy needlessly complicated a strong and simple story about the dire consequences of sodomy under socialism. So *The Times* reported that a case of AIDS had been detected in the Soviet Union. Prodded by other foreign reporters anxious to match *The Times*'s "scoop," Soviet officials have now confirmed that they are dealing with a number of AIDS cases.

The Constant Search for Balance

The talk of the media world a couple weeks back was the lengthy editor's note in *The New York Times* on August 7, which denounced a profile printed two days earlier about Mortimer Zuckerman. Zuckerman is not only a real estate mogul, tycoon or speculator, depending on your dictionary, but, with his ownership of *The Atlantic* and *U.S. News & World Report*, a news baron or czar. The item said that the author of the offending profile (Jane Perlez) had relied excessively on an unnamed source who had disobliging things to say about Zuckerman. Such reporting, said the correcting angel (Peter Millones) grandly, "violated The Times's standards of fairness."

Aside from allegations of the friendship enjoyed by Zuckerman and A.M. Rosenthal, executive editor of *The Times*, there is the piquant detail that the person who told Perlez to juice up her story with some spicy quotes about Zuckerman was none other than John Vinocur, recently recalled from Paris to be special assistant to Rosenthal on the way to greater things. He has now, in the words of one colleague, "shot himself in the foot."

I like these *Times* self-criticisms.

EDITOR'S NOTE

A *New York Times* Business Day report published two days ago quoted sources confident of America's continued economic expansion, but the report failed to provide adequate balance to these optimistic views. The report markedly failed to represent the views of the Marxist school. According to the Marxist school, the capitalist economy of the United States will suffer increasing crises of accumulation and a falling rate of profit. These phenomena will aggravate social and economic contradictions to a degree that will be ultimately fatal to capitalism. Failure to note the theories of the German economic and social critic Karl Marx violated *Times* standards of fairness.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISPATCHES.

■ WASHINGTON: Claire Sterling & the C.I.A.

With the antics of Mehmet Ali Agca at his trial in Rome for the attempted assassination of the Pope, even the mainstream press has become skeptical about his alleged links to the K.G.B., first reported by Claire Sterling.

Last week "Dispatches" obtained from an anonymous source an unsolicited clue as to Sterling's sources and methods: a plain brown envelope containing copies of correspondence between Sterling and her Washington lawyer, Ronald Plesser, which discussed a deal struck between the journalist and the C.I.A. Although Plesser won't talk and Sterling did not reply to our repeated efforts to contact her for comment, enough of the story can be pieced together from the public record and the correspondence to suggest that Sterling's journalistic sources and methods are suspect, to say the least.

After her controversial book *The Terror Network* was published in 1981, a number of libel suits were brought in Europe. Worried, Sterling filed a slew of Freedom of Information Act requests in 1982 with the C.I.A. and other U.S. agencies for documents about one Henri Curiel and his associates. The centerpiece of her book had been the allegation that Curiel, a radical French intellectual, masterminded an international network of terrorists doing the K.G.B.'s dirty work. The sole piece of documentary evidence for this contention was a public report released by the C.I.A. in 1979 which said that Curiel had led a Paris-based group that "funneled money, arms, documents, training, and other services to scores of leftist groups."

Responsible journalistic practice would have been to file the requests prior to publication, and if the agency refused to divulge its sources of the information, to say so in the book. Sterling had presented the agency's undocumented assertions as proof. Then, in March 1983, she dropped her F.O.I.A. requests. In return, she obtained an affidavit from the C.I.A.'s chief of public affairs, Charles E. Wilson, stating, "Information available to the Central Intelligence Agency as of March, 1979, indicated that Henri Curiel headed an apparatus that provided technical support to groups that engaged in terrorist acts." Sterling also agreed that the affidavit would remain secret unless she needed it in court.

When asked to comment, Wilson at first couldn't recall signing the affidavit. "I would have thought I'd remember something like this," he said. "It is curious. . . . Claire Sterling is one of those conspiratorialists about international terrorism; that certainly isn't our view, though I must admit I liked her theory about the K.G.B. and the Pope. That had the hair on the backs of the K.G.B. fellows standing on end." After checking his files, Wilson acknowledged he had signed the affidavit. He suggested that the agency had agreed to this unusual procedure for two reasons: first, because the agency tries to cut down the workload of its F.O.I.A. staff whenever possible; and second, because Sterling was willing to settle for a reiteration (without citing sources) of an agency opinion that was already in the public record. The C.I.A. had nothing to lose and everything to gain. Sterling, however, lost one of the suits, and a corrected French edition of her book was published.

■ THE PHILIPPINES: Killing Clerics

A campaign of terror is being waged against the Philippine religious community. In the past year at least six clergymen and more than a dozen journalists have been killed, apparently by military or paramilitary forces. The government blames the killings on the leftist New People's Army, but that claim defies belief. The victims, all of whom were active in human rights work and helping the poor, were critics of the Marcos regime, not the N.P.A. Moreover, clergy and laity who have protested the killings have been threatened.

Among the murdered or missing clergymen:

§ The Rev. Elpidio Sumanil, coordinator of twelve churches and congregations in a highland district. According to an affidavit from his wife, men claiming to belong to the N.P.A. shot Sumanil in Astorga last August. Sumanil had been active in investigating several "salvagings," or summary executions, which had recently occurred in his village and were believed to have been committed by military death squads.

§ Father Tullio Favali, an Italian missionary affiliated with the Pontifical Institute for Foreign Missions. On April 11, in Esperanza, members of the government's Integrated Civilian Home Defense Forces set fire to Favali's motorcycle and then shot him twenty-two times. The priest was visiting the home of a person wounded by this paramilitary group.

§ Father Alberto Romero. He was gunned down May 17 in Silawe, Polanco, by three unidentified men who barged into a chapel where he had been blessing religious icons. The government attributed his murder to the N.P.A.

§ Father Rosalio (Rudy) Romano, a human rights advocate who was recently elected to the National Council of Bayan, a broad-based nationalist organization. He was last seen on July 11, being forced into a car with government license plates by men in civilian clothes carrying M-16s.

Last fall, an indiscreet Philippine colonel articulated what many believe is the government's reason for ordering the spate of clerical murders. Addressing a municipal meeting, he said, "Kill a priest, a nun or churchworker, and [you] frighten thousands."

■ WEST GERMANY: Bundeswehr and the Bomb

In every army the foot soldier's willingness to fight is the object of considerable study. Arguably, there is no army more sensitive about this issue than West Germany's Bundeswehr. Bonn's entire defense strategy rests on the readiness of every Private Schmidt to countenance the use of nuclear weapons in his own country in the event of a Soviet invasion.

No wonder a flap erupted when a Bundeswehr survey of soldiers' motivation was leaked recently to *Der Spiegel*. Although the study, completed last February, was unclassi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KAI BIRD AND MAX HOLLAND

fied, the Defense Ministry attempted to censor it because of its disturbing implications for Bonn's military posture. According to the poll, more than 73 percent of the enlisted men questioned agreed with the statement "Nothing can justify a war that uses means of mass destruction." Only 19 percent agreed without qualification to the proposition that the "Federal Republic must be defended even if nuclear weapons have to be used on her territory." Moreover, less than half the members of the officer corps who were asked the same questions unqualifiedly supported the use of nuclear weapons.

The Defense Ministry was appalled by the publicity the study received. "If I could, I'd close the place," said Hans Rühle, head of the planning staff, referring to the Bundeswehr office that produced the report.

* * *

It's common knowledge that Bonn and Washington often synchronize their foreign aid policies, so we weren't too surprised to learn that scarcely two weeks after the T.W.A. hostages were freed and President Reagan decided that Syria no longer supports "international terrorism," Bonn ended a five-year freeze on economic aid to Damascus. On July 16 the Ministry of Economic Cooperation announced it would release nearly $26 million in low-interest loans pledged before 1980 but suspended because of Syrian antipathy to U.S. policy in the Middle East.

■ PACIFIC ISLANDS: Now It's Nerve Gas

Future generations of Marshall Islanders will no doubt bear the brunt of Congress's recent vote to resume nerve gas production. Inhabitants of the U.S.-controlled Pacific territory, who still haven't recovered from the ecological effects of U.S. nuclear testing in the 1950s, may become neighbors to a new arsenal of chemical weapons.

The Army plans to spend $67 million for the storage and disposal of chemical weapons already at tiny Johnston Atoll, which is upwind and upcurrent of the Marshalls. The proximity of the atoll to Hawaii's military bases makes it a superb location.

The Johnston Atoll Chemical Agent Disposal System and a related construction program will include $21 million for permanent storage facilities for stockpiling chemicals deemed too dangerous to store in the continental United States. According to Owen Wilkes, writing in the New Zealand newsletter "Peacelinks," the Army admits that the facilities, to be built on land that averages less than ten feet above sea level, will be "subject to flooding under certain conditions."

Once a bird sanctuary, Johnston Atoll has been a U.S. military facility for the past fifty years. Administered by the Defense Nuclear Agency, it is used as a dumping ground for unwanted residue from America's nuclear and chemical programs. For almost a decade after World War II, it was an atomic test site, and radioactive dust from the blasts fell throughout the Marshalls. In the late 1960s, leakages of nerve gas from a U.S. facility in Japan prompted the Pentagon to transfer more than 12,000 tons of the substance to hastily constructed facilities in Johnston which were soon damaged by hurricanes.

The island's humble role as a garbage dump may soon be eclipsed, however. From 1964 to 1975 Johnston Atoll hosted a launching site for missiles adapted to destroy Soviet satellites. It is likely that ground-based facilities for Reagan's Star Wars program would be located on the atoll.

■ GRENADA: Embassy Blacklist

"Dispatches" has learned that the U.S. Embassy has compiled a blacklist of Grenadians who served in the government of former Prime Minister Maurice Bishop. It is standard practice for the State Department and A.I.D. to run security checks on nationals they wish to hire directly in other countries. In Grenada, however, Roy Haverkamp, a career Foreign Service officer and the ranking diplomat in the embassy, uses the list to bar individuals from government-related jobs.

One victim of the blacklist is Jane Belfon, who served the Bishop government as director of tourism from 1979 to 1983. Since then she has been dismissed from three jobs shortly after being hired. In one instance, her contract with a U.N. organization was torn up after her name was checked against the blacklist. This summer she worked for an A.I.D. contractor as a low-paid office manager, a position with no access to classified material. But after a month on the job, she was fired by her American employer on the orders of William Erdahl, the chief A.I.D. representative in Grenada. Erdahl said it wasn't possible to give the specific reasons for her dismissal in writing, but her name was on one of three lists of security risks.

A State Department official, who wished to remain unnamed, said that although he had not heard of the Belfon case, "if she was a high-ranking official in the Bishop government, which we know to have been Communist, it would seem to me logical that we'd be under no obligation to hire her with U.S.A.I.D. funds."

Belfon's case was appealed through Grenadian government channels, but when it came to the attention of Prime Minister Herbert Blaize, he reportedly hit the roof. One of the first controversies his Cabinet dealt with was whether to rehire her as director of tourism. The Cabinet was evenly divided on the question, with many arguing that Belfon was effective in her job, was not an ideologue and should not be penalized. Sources in Grenada say the debate was so acrimonious that Blaize's decision to fire Belfon almost brought down his new government.

The blacklisting has institutionalized the political polarization brought on the island by the U.S. invasion of October 1983. Then, many civil servants, both career and political, were dismissed from their posts. A few have since been allowed back, but the majority remain unemployed or have been forced to emigrate for lack of a job commensurate with their training. Grenada's small educated class has thus been decimated by Caribbean McCarthyism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

I have probably read a couple hundred articles describing apartheid in the past six months and have certainly heard that number of sermons, speeches and pious interviews on the subject. It is, together with saving the whales and defending the Constitution, one of the few things about which people with advanced opinions appear to agree. It came almost as a relief to me, then, to find that the leaders of Margaret Thatcher's Student Federation had passed a resolution calling for Nelson Mandela to be hanged. Here, I thought, are neo-conservatives who are not afraid to stand up and be counted. Let's have no hypocrisy.

The reason for my unease at all this unanimity and moral indignation is that I have yet to read an article that describes how gruesome and obscene apartheid actually is. I also have yet to write one. But I feel I ought to try.

Not many years ago, I persuaded a black lawyer in Johannesburg to give me a tour of Soweto. My friend was under a banning order which forbade him to travel without permission, which prevented him from writing for or being quoted in any newspaper, which, in effect, made him a prisoner in his own home and, outside it, a nonperson, with no legal existence. But he was a brave man and a good host, and he wanted me to see his home township. So, defying curfew and a regulation that required him to report me as a visitor, he showed me around.

One should never omit the obvious. Soweto is the most populous area of Johannesburg. In fact, it is a city in its own right and outnumbers the parent metropolis, but as we drove toward it from downtown Johannesburg it didn't appear on any road signs. Its very name, as people are inclined to forget, is a bureaucratic anagram standing for South-West Township. In other words, its inhabitants exist only on the most casual sufferance, and it would be a compliment to the ruling elite, which loves animals, to say that it treated the people of Soweto like cattle.

If you have the opportunity to go as I did, evading the requirement that you have a permit or an escort, you can see how South-West Township lives. It lives, for one thing, in the noxious fumes of Johannesburg's largest power station. In return for the fumes, it has almost no access to electricity. Most of its dwellings have no lights, no telephone, no running water. The facilities for shopping, medicine, education and transportation are what one would expect, only worse. Do you remember that in 1976 the authorities were shooting and clubbing schoolchildren there? Of course, everybody remembers. But do you remember why the children were protesting? They were protesting because the language of instruction in their schools was to be the debased Dutch spoken by the Afrikaners. That is apartheid.

But that wasn't my moment of revelation. That lay ahead, when my host offered to drive me home. He was strictly forbidden to leave his house, let alone his township, after dusk. I laconically said I would find my own way back. He briskly pointed out to me the unwisdom of being a strange white person on those streets and made it clear that either the police or the local youngsters would forcefully demonstrate this point. So, risking more than I had the right to ask of him, he borrowed a car and took me back. As we approached the lights of Johannesburg, I made my big mistake. At least, I said, I could offer him dinner in return for his courtesy. He looked at me as if I had learned nothing from the day we had spent together. Where, he inquired with ironic politeness, did I propose to take him for his treat?

I don't mind feeling a fool once in a while, but I resent looking like a bloody heartless fool. I knew perfectly well that the law barred men of different color from using any common facilities. Indeed, the mania and sickness of apartheid is most flagrant in the prohibition (still in force, whatever they tell you) of multiracial eating, defecating and bedding down. You don't need a psychiatric adviser to diagnose that. Yet I had responded as if there could be a normal human relationship between this man and me, while he had lived his entire life knowing that such was not the case. I still curl my toes when I think of it.

The most pungent and economical way of summing up the leadership of the Afrikaner Nationalist Party is this: President P.W. Botha and his cronies lead the only government in the world, apart perhaps from Paraguay, that officially deplores the result of World War II. The party's cadres and its hard core were active, conscious Nazis then and they have never renounced their sympathies. When our dumb President Reagan said, with his usual combination of mendacity and sentimentality, that South Africa had been on our side in every war we ever fought, he made a mistake that was egregious even by his own outrageous standards. In the war that really counted, the present South African leadership was on the other side. (This is, of course, tough news for its Israeli friends and benefactors as well as for the large and parasitic English population of the Cape.)

Most accounts of the current crisis treat South Africa as if it were Mississippi or Alabama in the bad old days. Black militancy, white concessions, liberal developments, that sort of thing. Not so, Anthony Lewis and William Safire, not so. The civil rights epoch in that country ended with the Rev. Albert Luthuli a generation ago, as even the until recently moderate Bishop Desmond Tutu has recognized. Apartheid has sown dreadful divisions between tribes and races, even between shades of black. This factionalism can possibly be overcome. What needs to be overthrown is the system that imposed and lives off it. Apartheid is not an aberration to be fixed by bargains between an incompetent White House and a cynical Pretoria regime. Apartheid cannot, by definition, be reformed or modified. The brave people now fighting to destroy it have grasped the intoxicating idea that theirs may be the last unfree generation. This is not protest, or even revolt, but revolution.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTICLES.

ZIMBABWE'S ELECTIONS

Mugabe Brooks No Opposition

In July David Caute journeyed to Zimbabwe to report on the national elections for The Nation *and* New Socialist. *Since then Prime Minister Robert Mugabe's crackdown on his old rival Joshua Nkomo has accelerated. More than thirty members of the opposition party have been arrested, including Nkomo's brother.* —*The Editors*

DAVID CAUTE

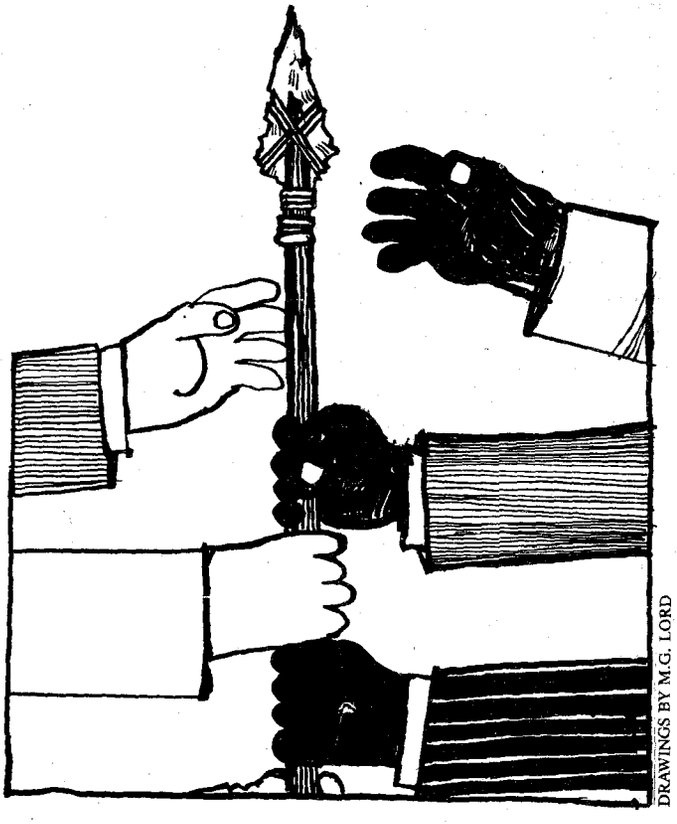
Six youths in khaki, two of them armed with AK-47 rifles, have been waiting for the bus under the shade of a mopani tree. Packed tight, its roof rack overspilling with bundles and boxes, rocking along in a black cloud of diesel fumes, the bus lurches to a halt as the Youth Brigade spreads across the dirt road, Madison brand cigarettes dangling from their lips. In black Zimbabwe, as in white Rhodesia before it, the country bus embodies the slow, weary submission of the populace to the gun.

Ejected from the bus, the passengers squat passively on the roadside, men in front, women and children behind. The tan-uniformed Zimbabwe Republic Police may or may not be on hand, it makes no difference; they will never intervene when the Zimbabwe African National Union–Patriotic Front (Zanu–PF) Youth Brigade is at work, or the Women's League, or the militia, or the Central Intelligence Organization (C.I.O.), or the Support Unit, or the Special Constabulary, or any other of the ruling party's proliferating paramilitary bodies, whose mission is the detection of "dissidents," enemies of the people, saboteurs of the coming one-party state.

As the six youths work through the male passengers, inspecting Zanu party cards, interrogating suspects, their faces are blank with the myth of politics, the onrush of populist power which gushes out of the scorched earth recently decolonized. Only six years ago, at the climax of Rhodesia's civil war, it was white farmers and car salesmen of the Police Reserve who were searching buses for weapons and food parcels in transit to "terrorists" of the Zimbabwe African National Liberation Army (Zanla) or the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary Army (Zipra), the military wings of Robert Mugabe and Joshua Nkomo, respectively. Now the day belongs to the former "freedom fighters" of Zanla alone, and their eager younger brothers. The Youth Brigade collects money and raises clenched fists, crying: "Pamberi neMugabe! Pasi Nkomo!" ("Forward with Mugabe! Down with Nkomo!") The passengers frantically echo the slogan.

Tomorrow or the day after, Prime Minister Mugabe, president and first secretary of the ruling Zanu–PF Party, may come campaigning, surrounded by the apparatus of the state, stiff in his starched safari suit and crisp white collar, his voice metallic with inexorable Jacobin rationality, staring through glinting spectacles at the enemies of "unity" as Robespierre stared at the Girondins. Farther south, Joshua Nkomo, the aging leader of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (Zapu), whose quarrel with Mugabe goes back more than twenty-three years, is hauling his weary bulk through a hostile countryside, his fate as explicit as Danton's.

Zimbabwe is the rising star of black Africa, celebrated not only for its bitter struggle against the white settlers but also (let it be admitted) for the highly developed economic infrastructure it inherited from them. Zimbabwe is the most vigorous of the front-line states facing South Africa across the Limpopo River: socialist yet pragmatic; not yet plagued by corruption and military coups, which have destroyed Nigeria and Ghana; not yet dominated by fat-cat politicians, as is Kenya with its "Mercedes waBenzi"; not quite disgraced by slaughterhouses as is Uganda; not subjected to a monomaniacal dictator as is H. Kamuzu Banda's Malawi; not reduced to comic-opera chaos and rampant bribery as is Mobutu Sese Seko's Zaire; not lost in exhausted stasis as is Kenneth Kaunda's Zambia; not degenerating into starvation and anarchy as is neighboring Mozambique; not splintered by the cold war as is Angola; not beset by massive famine as are the countries of the sub-Saharan belt. Zimbabwe is



DRAWINGS BY M.G. LORD

David Caute is author of The Great Fear *(Simon & Schuster) and* Under the Skin: The Death of White Rhodesia *(Northwestern University Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

where the hopes invested in postcolonial black Africa have been reborn. Scandinavian aid agencies compete to finance its cooperatives, the great powers maneuver for a friendly slice of its nonalignment, European and Australian schoolteachers flood in to work in its new schools, feminists arrive to assist the women's movement.

Yet Zimbabwe labors, as Mugabe constantly reiterates, under an inherited burden: the imperialist legacy of the Lancaster House Constitution of December 1979, which brought the civil war to a close. The twenty House of Assembly seats (out of one hundred) reserved for white voters are, to be sure, an anachronism and a legitimate irritant, but what most incenses Mugabe are the short-term guarantees for pluralistic parliamentary democracy. "Only when there is one Zimbabwean people with one leader—the party—will a scientific reorganization of society along socialist lines be possible," he recently told journalists. Western-style pluralism brings only "chaos, where anybody can run any group, including killer groups, the Ku Klux Klan and the Red Brigade." But how the one-party state would solve his own great problem, armed dissidence in Matabeleland Province, he has never explained. By any logic, to deprive Zapu of its legal existence would only inflame the Ndebele tribe, which dominates that area. As the leader of a nationalist party banned for almost twenty years, Mugabe must surely know that.

The one-party state is an undefined panacea. It is "unity." According to Didymus Mutasa, Speaker of the House of Assembly, it is a peculiarly African symbiosis of Marxism and the tradition of obedience to the chief: it is communalism. Yet Zimbabwe is a "socialist" country without prospect of socialism, as was admitted to me by a senior official who helped draft the ruling party's election manifesto. Zanu has eagerly adopted the Communist apparatus of a central committee and politburo while leaving the economy in the hands of private companies restrained only by minimum-wage legislation and laws that prevent dismissals without the approval of the relevant ministry.

Despite Mugabe's overwhelming legislative majority, the existence of opposition, the sound of criticism, inflames a raw nerve which will not be soothed until the seventeen-gun salutes sound for President Mugabe as he arrives at foreign airports. Hence the chillingly articulated menace with which he greeted the fifteen seats gained by Ian Smith in the white elections on June 27 and the fifteen black ones which gave Nkomo a clean sweep of Matabeleland in the first week of July. Mugabe spoke like a man who had not slept for two nights. It was a personal affront, a personal betrayal, for which his enemies would pay dearly: "A Boer is a Boer. He doesn't change. The Boers are still the oppressors and racists of the past. . . . We are going to do a cleanup operation."

The lesson that emerged from the recent voting was that intimidation makes very little difference to the outcome of an election in Zimbabwe, and perhaps in Africa at large, provided that the balloting procedure is secret and scrupulously conducted, with no "lost" ballot boxes or other tampering. By this criterion, each Zimbabwean election, unlike the charades staged in Ghana by Kwame Nkrumah or the massive frauds perpetrated in the Nigerian election of 1983, has passed the test of "free and fair."

Although the word "tribal" is not kosher in Western liberal circles, being regarded as demeaning, it is on the lips of every Zimbabwean—their tribalism, of course, not ours—and the outcome of the elections demonstrates painfully that what counts in Zimbabwe is subnational identity, language, culture and historical tradition. The dynamic of Zimbabwean party politics is that of the clan. The Patriotic Front alliance of the years from 1976 to 1979 is dead and buried, and every vote cast against Mugabe, a member of the Shona tribe, even for the old oppressor Ian Smith, is jubilantly welcomed in Ndebele Matabeleland.

To understand the emerging one-party state better, I spent most of the election campaign in Matabeleland. Such has been Zanu's onslaught on Zapu that outside the city of Bulawayo, virtually every urban and rural Zapu office has been closed or burned out. The village meetings held by Zapu in June offered the Ndebele peasantry their first exposure to their leaders since 1982. Even during the three-week campaign, Zapu's election agents were frequently arrested: six of Edward Ndlovu's agents in Gwanda; three of Isaac Nyathi's agents in Bulilima-Mangwe. On June 26 and 27 the police canceled all Zapu meetings, including Nkomo's, in the hotly contested Beitbridge constituency. Julius Gumbo, a member of Zapu's regional executive, was arrested and imprisoned at Nkayi. On June 24 the chair and vice-chair of the Victoria Falls region, Sibanda and Mabhena, were arrested. The district chair of Zapu at Lupane was arrested on June 12. My informant, his lawyer, found him badly beaten at Esgodini police station, where he was held without charge.

Two days after the white election results were announced, members of the C.I.O., who described themselves as "from the Prime Minister's office," raided the suburban Thorngrove, Bulawayo, houses of several electoral agents who had supported Zapu's sole candidate for a "white" seat, a colored (mixed-race) man with more optimism than sense named Lonly Seckel. At 1 A.M. on June 30 the C.I.O. came to a house in Anaboon Road, fired a warning shot through the bathroom window, then burst in on Seckel's election agent, Edward Huntley (also colored), and his family. Beating him, mocking him for meddling in politics, they forced Huntley to kneel on the floor with a pistol to his head. When his African wife protested, they beat her too. The following morning she lifted her garments to show me the bruises under her right breast; a clot of blood had formed over her eye. As police vehicles cruised the street outside, the C.I.O., wittily describing themselves as soldiers from Brady barracks, dragged away Huntley and his Zapu neighbor Philip Tennant. Their almost inevitable destination was the torture center known as Stops Camp, in the heart of Bulawayo. Huntley and Tennant became "disappeared."

I took this case, informally, to a noted Bulawayo law firm. I interviewed three lawyers. Each shrugged in despair. "Nothing can be done," one said. "Under the Smith regime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives."

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak." *"The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak."*

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

"Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough." *"There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough."*

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

"...the white male problem..." *"When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the "white male problem"--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election."*

--Cokie Roberts, National Public Radio's congressional correspondent.

"I'm high on bein' alive, cause all of my friends are dead...I'd rather be a living legend than a dead legend."

--Rock star Little Richard, in an interview with host Bob Edwards, on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

National Public Radio brings you the comments of the people who make the news. And the people who interpret it. With "Morning Edition" weekday mornings. And "All Things Considered" every evening.

Tune in for news that takes you beyond the headlines and into the minds of thoughtful people.

For a list of the more than 300 NPR member stations, call toll-free 800-822-2300 or 202-822-2331. Or send a postcard to: STATION LIST, National Public Radio, Audience Services, 2025 M St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

National Public Radio
Worth every minute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you contacted the Special Branch and traced your man after two days at the most. Now no one knows anything." One lawyer described Stops Camp as a slaughterhouse.

One hundred miles northeast of Bulawayo lies the eastern Ndebele stronghold of Nkayi. En route you pass Inyati, where the Zapu candidate for Lupane, Micah Bhebhe, owns a store, restaurant and beer shed. Bhebhe's sister showed me round. On a day in April, armed men had come to the store at 10:15 P.M., killing seven people, including Bhebhe's son and daughter. Right after the shooting, Bhebhe and his sister, hidden in his locked office, saw a big truck pull away. Although members of the Police Support Unit were drinking in the shed at the time of the slaughter, not one of them admitted to having seen anything. "They immediately started harassing us and saying we had brought dissidents here," Bhebhe told me. But would he have invited men to murder his own children? As we talked, police and a few soldiers wandered into the restaurant. "Time to leave," murmured my interpreter.

Farther north, on the road to Nkayi, one passes through the Gwampa Forest. A group of roadworkers and their families had been cheerfully waiting for two days for the arrival of an elusive mobile polling station. A woman related how her daughter and son-in-law, Sibongile and Ivan, had been killed with bayonets by the predominantly Shona Fifth Brigade during the military repression in Matabeleland in 1983. Standing beside her, an old man in a green checkered jacket and a battered hat, who did not know the year of his birth, showed me where his arms had been broken. His name was Mahlihlkihliki. The third man, Nkiwane Kutuvana, carried a metal identity card giving the year of his birth as 1922. The Fifth Brigade had started hitting him "on the Saturday" in 1983, and while he was lying prostrate he heard a shot and his wife was dead. "They kept asking us, 'Where are the dissidents?'"

At Nkayi I met a group of voters whose testimony I first treated with skepticism. However, when I took them aside and spoke to them separately through an interpreter, I found that each one's story corroborated the other's. They told me that at Dagamela, thirty-one miles to the north, the Zanu election agent named Mkwanazi arrived at the polling station on the previous day in a police car and began to harass people queuing to vote. When a local Zapu official tried to intervene, there were threats. Inside the polling station the voters were presented with a ballot containing only one party, Zanu. "I told them I wanted to vote for the bull [the Zapu symbol]," reported a farmer prosperous enough to own a car. "They told me, 'No, this is a one-party state.'" The Zapu district chair, Mike Mpofu, had tried to enter the polling station but was turned back. At least sixty voters had decided to make their way to Nkayi and vote there on the following day. By chance I came upon confirmation of this story in the form of a signed petition sent to Zapu's executive in Bulawayo by personal messenger. In the election Zapu took the constituency by 25,874 votes to 760.

Here is the testimony of a Zapu businessman who, with more honor than prudence, urged me to print his name and locality. I shall call him Edgar. In January 1983 the Fifth Brigade arrived in his area of Tsholotsho, burned shops and houses, and launched a reign of terror. Bodies were displayed to assembled schoolchildren (a gambit of the Rhodesian security forces). "This is a dissident," they were told. In May of that year Edgar was arrested by the C.I.O and taken to Stops Camp, where he was flung into a cell with twenty others, beaten and subjected to electric-shock torture. His captors accused Edgar of carrying messages for Zapu to dissidents at Dukwe camp in Botswana. In March 1984 he was again arrested, at his shop in Bulawayo. This time his internment lasted from only 9 P.M. to 5 A.M. but he endured a terrible beating. He took the case to a lawyer with a doctor's certificate and photographs of his lacerated body, but got nowhere. That year at Tsholotsho he remembers as one of hunger, curfew and closed schools and stores. People were walking twenty-five miles to buy one eleven pound sack of ground maize to feed extended families of as many as twenty people. The only store in the area allowed to remain open belonged to a man named Mkombe, a Shona member of Zanu.

In January 1985 the Youth Brigade arrived at Edgar's village store near Tsholotsho and burned it down (he showed me the ruins), destroying buildings, goods and livestock and beating one of his employees who failed to produce a party card. Edgar was in Bulawayo at the time—his mother's house in the communal lands had already been burned down. Edgar summarized the experience: "During the armed struggle the villagers might be killed if it could be proved they had assisted the freedom fighters. Since 1983 we have been killed because we are Ndebele. Every Ndebele is a 'dissident' to the Fifth Brigade."

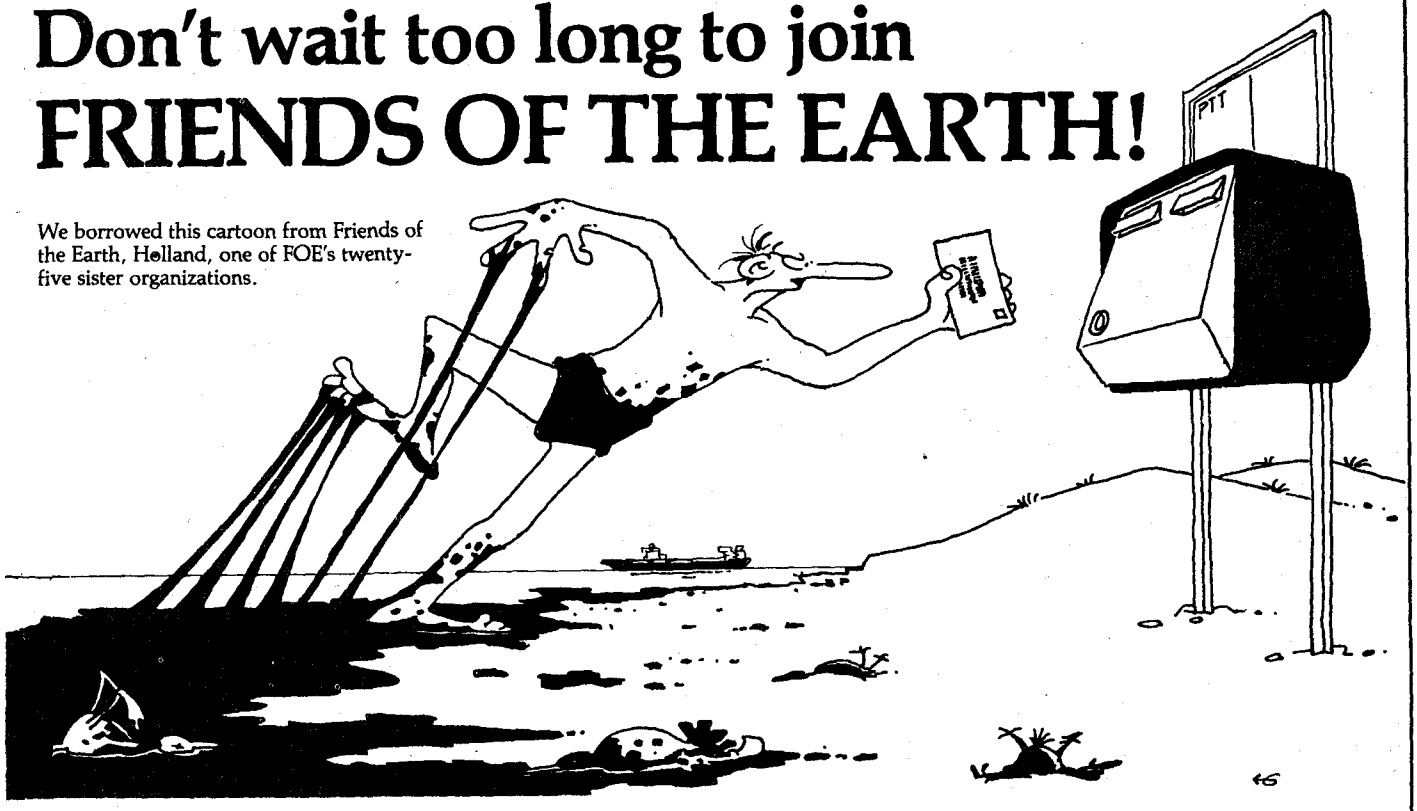
The Bulilima-Mangwe district, on Zimbabwe's western frontier with Botswana, is populated by Ndebele and Kalanga tribespeople (Joshua Nkomo is a Kalanga). Here was staged a clash of two titans who are also cousins. On the one hand, Mugabe's most brilliant and prized defector from the ranks of Zapu, Callistus Ndlovu, then Minister of Mines, who was hailed at the Zanu-PF Congress of 1984 as the man who would precipitate mass defections from Nkomo's party and at last deliver Matabeleland to the ruling party. Confronting him with his apostasy was Zapu's candidate, Isaac Nyathi, a veteran of the freedom struggle who had studied in the Soviet Union before taking up a senior post under Nkomo in Zambia. Appointed director of Nitram, a holding company administering resettlement schemes for former combatants, Nyathi had been arrested along with Zipra's two leading commanders, Dumiso Dabengwa and Lookout Masuku, after the discovery of arms caches on Zapu farms early in 1982. Held incommunicado for six months, they were charged with treason, acquitted, then detained again as they stepped out of the prison gates. Nyathi was subsequently released for health reasons, though Dabengwa and Masuku remain in Chikurubi maximum security prison.

Mugabe campaigned twice in Bulilima-Mangwe on behalf

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't wait too long to join FRIENDS OF THE EARTH!

We borrowed this cartoon from Friends of the Earth, Holland, one of FOE's twenty-five sister organizations.



It is customary to publish letters telling how good you are. Here is one from someone who sees things differently:

Vienna, Virginia

It is with great regret that I am not renewing my membership in FOE. My decision is based on the following factors: FOE is becoming increasingly involved in non-environmental issues. From the most recent NMA* (June 1985), I cite the following examples. • Cover story urging us not to support the *contras* in Nicaragua and to end "militarization" of the region and remove the trade embargo. • A full-page story on the political controversy between New Zealand and the US regarding the docking of US warships carrying nuclear weapons. • A suit brought by FOE against the US Navy to prevent docking of a US warship carrying nuclear weapons in a US port! (New York presumably being worthy of "protection" that San Diego and other port cities don't deserve); and other instances in this and past issues of a preoccupation with foreign policy, defense, economic and cultural issues (i.e., issues that are not primarily concerned with protection of the environment).

FOE is becoming increasingly engaged in radical left-wing politics. Besides the examples already cited, the June issue carried the following: an editorial protesting the US government's decision to deny entry into the country of someone known or suspected of being a communist**; an article protesting US Navy plans to build military housing on a 716-acre "forest" in Japan; a "Thumper" article telling us that some drugs can be dangerous, including Dramamine (!), due to the greed of drug manufacturers, supposedly, . . . and an adoring article on Jerry Mander who is against television, Reagan, economic growth, etc. While he didn't make it clear what he is for, he gave strong hints of favoring radical change, economically, socially, and culturally, in the US.

* *NMA* is *Not Man Apart*, FOE's extraordinary newsmagazine.
** Canadian naturalist Farley Mowat, author of *Never Cry Wolf!*

Left wing and *right wing* are good for name-calling and for the birds, who find two wings very useful.

We like birds, air you can see through, water worth drinking, safe energy, parks, forests, wild streams, wilderness, wildlife, and people—already here or one day to inherit whatever we haven't used up.

We are working to spare them from a nuclear winter, toward peace *on* and *with* the Earth.

Our broadening concerns need more hands on deck. We invited you to lend yours. Thank you.

To: David R. Brower, founder
Friends of the Earth
1045 Sansome St.
San Francisco CA 94111

It's too late to wait.
Here is my $_____to help keep you flying.

(Membership dues, $25—not deductible, so as not to inhibit our grassroots lobbying—include a year's subscription to *NMA*. Friends of the Earth Foundation welcomes deductible contributions, which can support FOE's efforts in education, research, and litigation.

Name _____

Address _____

City_____State_____Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Ndlovu, whose defeat would dramatize the Prime Minister's failure to convert the Ndebeles. On the day of the Prime Minister's second rally I followed Nyathi's campaign trail through adjoining territory. Traveling northwest through cattle country, we arrived at Mswazwi village, close to the Botswana border. The army was out in force, herding people from the scattered villages into hired buses heading for the Mugabe-Ndlovu rally.

It was at Mswazwi that I first understood the hopeless task facing Mugabe in Matabeleland. Despite the formidable display of armed state power, the threats in the night and the Mugabe buses that left the village half empty, 250 adults and a hundred kids gathered under a tree to hear, for the first time since 1980, the open voice of Zapu. Dressed in sweaters against the winter wind, men and women in separate groups, they listened intently as Nyathi described each of the army, police and paramilitary units that had plagued their lives. The Shonas, he said, are a friendly people; those who are sent among you are instructed to create hatred between the two peoples. As for the so-called dissidents, who are they but army provocateurs in disguise? The meeting ended with the Ndebele rendering of the African national anthem, "God Save Africa." A week later the constituency of Bulilima-Mangwe handed out a crushing humiliation to Mugabe's candidate: Ndlovu collected only 923 votes against Nyathi's 31,334.

I am not a Zapu man myself. I don't trust Nkomo. His leadership is both opportunistic and sterile; his rhetoric on the problem of armed dissidence, disingenuous. In 1982 at least 3,000 former Zipra freedom fighters deserted the National Army, carrying their weapons with them. Many embarked on a campaign of killing and terror, which resulted in the death of more than sixty members of white farming families (leaving vast stretches of commercial farmland up for sale), the murder of government officials and a climate of fear which laid the way for the brutality, rape and butchery handed out by the Fifth Brigade in the hostile terrain of Matabeleland in 1983. Nothing can excuse the terror that Mugabe has inflicted on Matabeleland, but to pretend that dissidents don't exist or are mere agents of a Machiavellian government defies the historical record and insults the intelligence.

There is no shortage of white fellow travelers of Zanu, both in Harare and London, people for whom the blind eye is a source of comfort, people who argue that criticism of Mugabe's excesses will only bring joy to the South Africans, as once criticism of the Gulag brought comfort to the capitalists. To adopt Zapu would be no wiser. Nor do I romanticize, in the British fashion, those pastoral tribes of Africa that are feudal, brave, simple and loyal: the Hausa, Fulani, Masai and Ndebele. In many respects I admire Mugabe's government, particularly its health and education programs, its minimum-wage legislation, its early though largely aborted attempts at land reform and the dignity it has brought to the people after ninety years of colonialism. I wouldn't want to witness Zapu's youth movement unleashed on Mashonaland, and I don't discount Shona fears that the Ndebele remember the rapacious supremacy they enjoyed under their warlike chief Lobengula in the late nineteenth century. I traveled with candidates in Matabeleland because only in their presence do the peasants feel safe enough to testify.

Africans must fashion their own institutions of democracy. But too often the appeal to "tradition" is a mask for the hunger for power, for the crushing of dissent. Freedom of association, assembly and speech benefit the citizens of Africa no less than those of Europe; the rule of law is a universal blessing; detention without trial at ministerial pleasure is a universal evil. A short day in the Kalanga village of Mswazwi confirms these propositions.

Take, for example, the local elections staged last year throughout Zimbabwe. Zapu won most of the seats in Matabeleland. But Zapu's rural councils cannot function; their members have disappeared. In Mswazwi, Councilors Matabesi Khupe, aged about 60, and Nduna Khupe, 25, were kidnapped from their homes in the night this past February; from the neighboring village of Malopa, Councilor Mbalekelwa Moyo was kidnapped on the same night. Other councilors were spirited away from the village of Madhlambuzi. The elderly leader of a building brigade organizing a local craft and industry school told me how he was taken by the Fifth Brigade to Malaume camp, placed in a pit seven feet deep, in water up to his knees, forced to stand for two days and nights and ordered to denounce Zapu. This man had been in exile for fifteen years during the liberation struggle, serving as a welfare officer in the refugee camps of Zambia. Later the C.I.O. took him to Madhlambuzi camp for six days, during which he twice received electric-shock torture. Nowadays he never spends more than one night in the same house.

On July 7, Mugabe, not satiated by the sixty-three black parliamentary seats his party won, delivered an inflammatory speech in Zengeza township, describing Nkomo and Zapu as "enemies of our country." One of his lieutenants cried, "We'll have Nkomo's head in a wheelbarrow!" That night serious rioting began, with mobs rampaging through Harare and the Midlands, hacking at least two defeated Zapu candidates to death and evicting a reported 1,000 families from their homes. The police did not intervene.

Zimbabwe is now more than ever rent along tribal lines. A new federal constitution might be a solution, but Zapu has not yet demanded it and the Harare government would never grant it. Rhodesia was a colonial creation, the megalomaniacal dream of Cecil Rhodes, but colonialism's one legacy sacred to African nationalist leaders is the system of arbitrary fiefs. What you have, you keep. □

EDUCATORS: USE THE NATION IN YOUR CLASSROOM. SPECIAL LOW RATES. CALL STEPHEN SOULE (212) 242-8400.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mexico and Brazil, to no avail. They continued to look for arms on the U.S. open market in 1981. But on January 18, two days before Ronald Reagan's inauguration, two Sandinista Air Force officers were arrested in Texas trying to export two Huey helicopters, items on the U.S. Munitions Control List. An exasperated Edén Pastora Gómez, then Nicaragua's Deputy Defense Minister, complained in April 1981 that Nicaragua had been driven to buy from the Mafia in Miami after refusals from U.S. commercial arms dealers.

In May, however, a door opened. François Mitterrand's French Socialist Party came to power, and within a month Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto Brockmann was in Paris asking for help. The French recognized that, as one official put it, "The Managua government has no desire to count entirely on Cuba and the Soviet Union to supply its defense needs." The French sales agreement, signed that December, was modest: two Alouette-3 helicopters, two coastal patrol boats, forty-five troop transport trucks, one hundred STRIM-89 helicopter-mounted rocket launchers and 7,000 rocket rounds. It also offered training for ten Nicaraguan pilots and ten naval officers. The matériel, the French stressed, was purely defensive, and none of it could be transferred to a third party. All told, the package was worth $15.8 million.

Washington's reaction was fierce and immediate. Secretary of State Alexander Haig told French Foreign Minister Claude Cheysson that he regarded the deal as "a stab in the back." Another official charged that the arms would further "militarize the Nicaraguan regime, helping it export revolution and destabilize the region." One French high-technology export firm complained that its markets in at least three countries had been cut off as a result of the sale. Under intense pressure, Mitterrand caved in and told Reagan in a private meeting in April 1982 that delivery of the helicopters would face "indefinite delays." The French ruled out any future sales to Nicaragua.

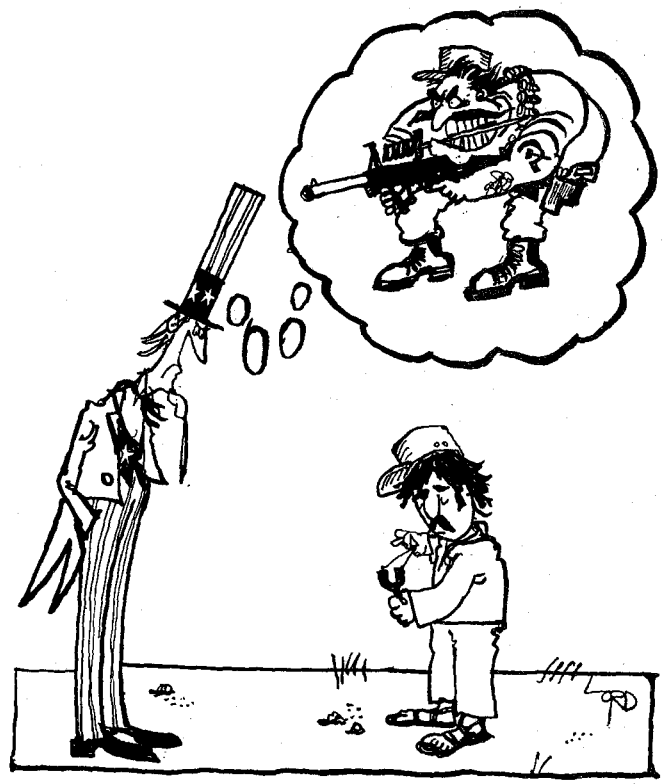
The Reagan Administration had based its policy on the assertion that the Sandinistas wanted to ally themselves with the Soviet bloc. With the French capitulation Washington had demonstrated its ability to subvert any initiative from a Western ally that might undermine that claim. Not even France, with a popular new socialist government and the world's third-largest arms export industry, could take the heat. Nicaragua was left with no military supply line outside the Soviet bloc. However, Nicaraguans argued that their enforced dependence on Soviet military aid did not mean political alliance. Borge pointed out that many nonsocialist countries have imported large amounts of Soviet weaponry.

Peru may be the best example. Since 1973 its nationalist military regime and its elected successors have built a Soviet arsenal much more advanced than Nicaragua's. First came 200 T-55 tanks, the same model that caused such a flap when it arrived in Nicaragua in 1981. Next came radar systems, surface-to-air missiles, transport planes and helicopters. The most dramatic acquisition, in 1976, was forty-eight Sukhoi SU-22 fighter bombers, incomparably superior to the MIG-21s, whose arrival in Nicaragua both parties in Congress agree, would justify a U.S. air strike.

In the wake of the Sukhoi deal came training programs and military advisers—more than 150 by 1984, ninety of them with the army. One of their main tasks is explaining the complex electronic gear aboard the sixteen Mi-24 Hind-D helicopter gunships, which Peru obtained in 1983. Nicaragua has from five to twelve of the slightly less potent Hind-A model, and the Administration points to them as the most sophisticated addition to "an arsenal that dismays and alarms its neighbors."

Yet the Administration appears unconcerned about the Peruvian buildup. A secret Defense Intelligence Agency report concluded that Peru's turn to the Russians was logical because of "Moscow's massive offerings of military equipment not readily available elsewhere, at extremely generous terms." A State Department official told us: "We accept the Peruvians' claim that large-scale Soviet military supplies will not affect their independence. It is essentially the Peruvians' business." The best response to Soviet military influence, the official said, is to compete for the Peruvians' loyalty. U.S. military aid requested for Peru in fiscal 1986 aims "to increase their range of options when they look at military procurement," he said. The official claims that this attitude is unaffected by the election of Alan García's left-leaning APRA government, which he described as "radical nationalist and nonaligned."

But radical nationalism, nonalignment and heavy Soviet weaponry are one thing in the Andes, quite another in the Central American backyard. The sad fact is that the United States presented the Sandinistas with a Catch-22. They could accept military dependence on the Soviet bloc as the price of national survival, or they could surrender the right to acquire any arms at all—with the exception, perhaps, of just enough guns to shoot themselves. □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Huck at 100

LEO MARX

Ever since it was published, exactly one hundred years ago, Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* has been a target of moral disapproval. Many of the novel's first reviewers found it disturbing and offensive. They called it, among other things, vulgar, inelegant, ungrammatical, coarse, irreverent, semi-obscene, trashy and vicious. The library in Concord, Massachusetts, promptly banned it, but the book soon won the affection of a large audience, and during the next fifty years critics, scholars and writers succeeded in rescuing it from the mincingly refined standards of what George Santayana aptly named "the genteel tradition." In the 1930s Ernest Hemingway praised *Huckleberry Finn* as the work from which all modern American writing stems, and T.S. Eliot later described Mark Twain's vernacular style as nothing less than "a new discovery in the English language." By the 1950s the initial objections to the novel had been dispelled, and it was quietly installed, along with *The Scarlet Letter* and some other "classic" American books, in the more or less standard high-school English curriculum.

But then, having survived the disdain of the genteel critics, the book became the object of another, angrier and more damaging kind of moral condemnation. In 1957 the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People called *Huckleberry Finn* racially offensive, and since then we have seen a mounting protest against this novel whose first-person narrator, the 14-year-old son of the town drunk, routinely refers to blacks as "niggers." Huck's repeated use of that demeaning epithet is enough to convince many black Americans that schoolchildren should not be required to read the book. (Another, somewhat less obvious reason for their disquiet is a certain resemblance between the novel's leading black character, the escaped slave, Jim, and the stereotypical minstrel-show darkie.) In the last few years the protest has been gaining adherents. In a number of cities across the country, indignant parents, educators and school-board members have demanded that the book be removed from the curriculum and even, in some instances, that it be banned from school or public libraries. This past year a group of black parents succeeded in having the novel taken off the list of required reading in Waukegan, Illinois, and John H. Wallace, an educator with the school board in Chicago, is now conducting a nationwide campaign against Mark Twain's greatest work, which he calls "the most grotesque example of racist trash ever written."

One result of this protest is that the centenary of *Huckleberry Finn* has been marked by a curious conjunction of celebration and denunciation. In March, when Shelley Fisher Fishkin, a literary scholar at Yale University, came to Mark Twain's defense, she attracted national attention to the dispute about his racial views. In an announcement treated as front-page news by *The New York Times*, she reported the authentication of an 1885 letter in which Twain offered to provide financial support for a black student at Yale Law School. There he wrote that "we have ground the manhood out of . . . [black men] & the shame is ours, not theirs; and we should pay for it." (He subsequently did provide the money.) Because the letter reveals "the personal anguish that Twain felt regarding the destructive legacy of slavery," Fishkin evidently thought that it might help to overcome the objections of black people to *Huckleberry Finn*. The implication was that a man of such enlightened views could not possibly have written a racially offensive novel and that once those views were established, the controversy would be resolved.

But as it turned out, the Yale letter merely provoked the contending parties to recast their arguments in less compromising, more strident language. Thus Sterling Stuckey, a historian at Northwestern University who is black, was moved to reaffirm the received scholarly-critical estimate of Mark Twain's masterwork. Of the letter he said that it "couldn't be a clearer, more categorical indictment of racism in American life," and he went on to praise *Huckleberry Finn* as "one of the most devastating attacks on racism ever written." But Wallace, perhaps the novel's most outspoken critic, was unmoved by Fishkin's announcement. When asked to comment on the new evidence of Mark Twain's sympathy for blacks, he said that it "still does not mitigate the problems that children have with *Huck Finn*. . . . The book teaches blatant racism. . . . We ought to get it off the school reading list."

What shall we make of this unusual controversy? Unlike most issues of public policy involving opposed literary judgments, the current argument about the place of *Huckleberry Finn* in the public school curriculum does not involve censorship or First Amendment rights. Whether or not high-school students are required to read a particular novel has nothing to do with anyone's freedom of speech. (I am putting aside the very different and, to my mind, intolerable proposal to remove the book from school or public libraries.) Another striking feature of the dispute is the extremity of the antagonists' views. Most public quarrels about the merit of literary works turn on relatively subtle questions of interpretation, but in this case an enormous gulf separates those who consider *Huckleberry Finn* to be "one of the most devastating attacks on racism ever written" from those who denounce it as "racist trash"—who claim that it actually "teaches" blatant racism. At first sight, indeed, the two parties seem to be so far apart as to make the controversy irresolvable, and perhaps it is. But it may be useful, as a step toward a resolution, to consider why this novel lends itself to such antithetical readings. How is it possible for *Huckleberry Finn* to convey such diametrically opposed attitudes toward American racism?

The explanation should begin, I think, with a decisive though perhaps insufficiently appreciated fact: the racial attitudes to which this novel lends overt expression are not Mark Twain's, they are those of an ignorant adolescent boy. This fact also explains, incidentally, why evidence from other sources about what the writer, Samuel L. Clemens, may have thought or said on the subject of race (as in the Yale letter) proves to be largely beside the point.

Leo Marx is the author of The Machine in the Garden: Technology and the Pastoral Ideal in America *(Oxford) and editor of the annotated edition of* Huckleberry Finn *(Bobbs-Merrill).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That a considerable disparity often exists between what writers believe and what their work conveys is an axiom of modern criticism. In the case of a first-person narrative like *Huckleberry Finn*, of course, Clemens's viewpoint is manifestly disguised, and can only make itself felt obliquely, in the voice of—from behind the mask of—the boy narrator, Huck.

In accounting for the ability of readers to arrive at radically opposed conclusions about the racial attitudes embodied in this novel, the importance of the first-person narrative method cannot be exaggerated. Every word, every thought, every perception, emanates from Huck or, in passages where other characters speak, is reported by him—filtered through his mind. *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is a tour de force of sustained impersonation. It is a tale told by a boy who is a vagrant and a virtual outcast, who has no mother (she is never mentioned), whose father is an illiterate drunk, bigot and bully, and who is inclined to accept society's view of people like himself as being, in his own words, irremediably "wicked and low-down and ornery."

Of course Huck calls black people 'niggers"; for him to refer to them any other way would be inconceivable. But to say this can be misleading if it is taken to imply that the difficulty comes down to a mere question of usage, as if Mark Twain might have absolved his narrator (and himself) of the charge of racism merely by cleaning up Huck's vocabulary. The truth is that *Huckleberry Finn* is written from the viewpoint of a racist, or, to be more precise, a semiracist—a racist with a difference. The difference stems in part from Huck's exceptionally empathic nature (or, as Mark Twain puts it, his "sound heart") and in part from his disreputable upbringing on the fringe of antebellum Southern society. Unlike Tom Sawyer and his other friends whose parents belong to "the quality," Huck has been spared much of the formative influence of family, church and school. His racial prejudice is not supported by a sense of family or social superiority. On the contrary, he is a distinct outsider, a boy who is only half "civilized" or, in social science idiom, he has been incompletely acculturated. Although he has picked up the received version of white racism along with other bits and pieces of the dominant belief system, that viewpoint has been less

COLLECTOR's EDITION

watch for this monitor next week

Oswald disappeared 4 years BEFORE President Kennedy's assassination

MOVING?

ATTACH MAILING LABEL HERE

Don't miss a single issue of THE NATION.

New address:

Name _____

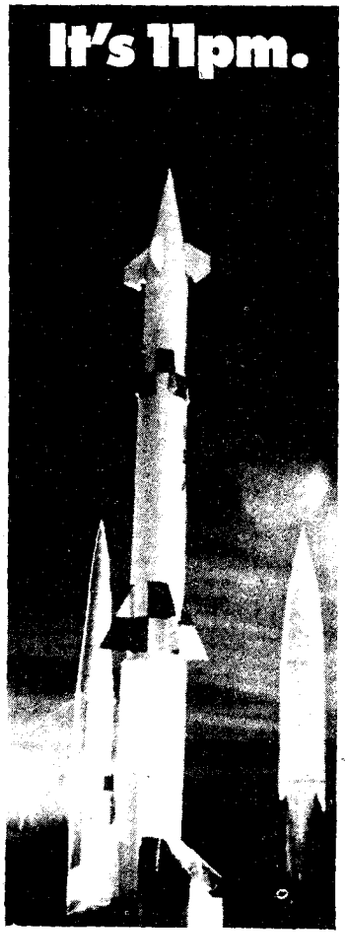
Street _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please allow 6-8 weeks for processing.

Mail to: THE NATION
P.O. Box 1953
Marion, Ohio 43305



Do you know where your money is?

Earn competitive interest while your savings work *for*, not *against*, your principles.

Unlike many banks, Working Assets won't use your money to finance MX missiles, toxic wastes or apartheid in South Africa. You'll like what we *do* invest in.

Daily compounding, free check-writing, IRAs and Keoghs, $1,000 minimum. Write or call for a free prospectus.

What you'll gain is worth far more than money.

800-543-8800
Toll-free right now

WORKING ASSETS
Over $60 million strong
230 California Street San Francisco, CA 94111

Please send me your free prospectus including more complete information about management fees and expenses. I'll read it carefully before investing.

Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

433

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deeply implanted in him than in respectable children like Tom Sawyer.

In moments of crisis, accordingly, Huck comes up against the discrepancy between the standard conception of black people as "niggers"—a conception he shares—and what he has learned as a result of his direct experience with Jim. During such crises his inner struggle characteristically begins with an unquestioning endorsement of the culture's stock prejudices, but then, when he tries to enact them, he balks and, in consequence, he inadvertently reveals their inhumanity. When, for example, it suddenly occurs to him that his journey with an escaped slave will determine what people back home think about him, his first reaction is wholly conventional: "It would get all around that Huck Finn helped a nigger to get his freedom; and if I was ever to see anybody from that town again, I'd be ready to get down and lick his boots for shame." He knows what he is supposed to do if he wants the respect of law-abiding citizens, but the thought of turning Jim in calls up vivid memories of Jim's loyalty and friendship, and he finally decides that he can't do it; he would rather go to hell. The conflict between Huck's stock racist ideas and his compassionate nature exemplifies the way the controlling irony works: when he thinks he is behaving ignobly, we are invited to recognize his innate nobility. What makes the outcome so powerful is that the novel's readers are compelled to effect the ironic reversal. That Huck can acknowledge Jim's humanity only by violating the moral code of a racist society is an implication that the boy is unable to grasp or put into words. It is a thought that Mark Twain's readers must formulate for themselves.

But of course the centrality of that irony also explains why some readers consider *Huckleberry Finn* a racist book. For whatever reason, and one can imagine several, they mistake the hero's flagrant if erratic racism for the novel's—the author's—viewpoint. It may be difficult, admittedly, for admirers of this wonderful book to believe that an average, reasonably competent reader could fail to recognize that its satirical thrust is directed against slavery and racial bigotry, but it does happen. Leaving aside the incontrovertible evidence that some adult readers do miss the point, it must be emphasized that Wallace and those who share his views are not chiefly concerned about the novel's effect on mature, competent readers. They are concerned about its effect on schoolchildren, all schoolchildren, but especially black American children, whose special experience might very well hinder their responsiveness to the ironic treatment of racial oppression. How much do we know, actually, about the ability of teachers, or of children of various ages and social backgrounds, to make sense of ironic discourse? I have taught this book with pleasure to hundreds of college students, but I'm not at all confident about my ability to persuade a class of inner-city adolescents—or any literal-minded adolescents, for that matter—that a book can say, or seem to say, one thing and mean another; or that in this case we should not be troubled by the fact that the hero calls black people "niggers" because, after all, that's what all white Southerners called them back then, and anyway, look, in the end he is loyal to Jim.

And besides, what does one say about Jim? There can be no doubt that Mark Twain wants us to admire him; he is a sympathetic, loving, self-abnegating, even saintly, "Christ-like" man. But what does one tell black children about his extreme passivity, his childlike credulity, his cloying deference toward the white boy? Aren't these the traits of a derisory racial stereotype, the fawning black male? To overcome objections on that score, one would have to stress Jim's cunning and his occasional refusal to play the minstrel darkie, especially the great episode in which he drops his habitual pose of docility, if it is a pose, and angrily denounces Huck for making him the victim of a cruel joke. "It was fifteen minutes," Huck says about his reluctant apology, "before I could work myself up to go and humble myself to a nigger—but I done it, and I warn't ever sorry for it afterwards, neither." It is a splendid moment, but is it splendid enough to offset the inescapable doubts of black readers about Jim's customary pliancy? Is it enough that Jim, the only black male of any significance in the novel, asserts his dignity in this one moving episode?

To raise these complex issues, it need hardly be said, is not to condone the denunciation of the novel as racist trash. But even if that opinion is as wrongheaded as I believe it to be, it does not follow that those who hold it are necessarily wrong about the inappropriateness of requiring high-school teachers to teach, and students to read, the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*. The point at issue, then, is the justification for that requirement. To claim that it should be required reading because it is a great American book is unconvincing: we don't require students to read most great books. Objections to the requirement become more understandable if we recognize the unique character of the niche Twain's novel tends to occupy in the high-school English course. It often is the only book that is centrally concerned with racial oppression.

All of which suggests that educators could take a large step toward resolving the current controversy simply by eliminating the requirement. This would open the way for the ideal solution: allow each teacher to decide whether his or her students should be asked to read *Huckleberry Finn*. It is the teachers, after all, who are best qualified to make a sensible and informed decision, one that would rest on their confidence in their own ability to convey, and their students' ability to grasp, the irony that informs every word of this matchless comic novel. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

The Vietnam Veterans Memorial

We erect monuments so that we shall always remember, and build memorials so that we shall never forget. Thus we have the Washington Monument but the Lincoln Memorial. Monuments commemorate the memorable and embody the myths of beginnings. Memorials ritualize remembrance and mark the reality of ends. The Washington Monument, vertical, is a celebration, like fireworks. The Lincoln Memorial, even if on a rise, presses down and is a meditation in stone. Very few nations erect monuments to their defeats, but many set up memorials to the defeated dead. Monuments make heroes and triumphs, victories and conquests, perpetually present and part of life. The memorial is a special precinct, extruded from life, a segregated enclave where we honor the dead. With monuments we honor ourselves.

Memorials are often just lists of those killed. Herodotus describes a megalith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that carried the names of all 300 Spartans slain at Thermopylae in a defeat so stunning as to elevate their leader, Leonidas, to what Ivan Morris once called the nobility of failure. Lists figure prominently in the hundreds of Civil War memorials, where the names of fallen townsmen bear the iconographic significance that those who were lost meant more than what had been won. The paradox of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington is that the men and women killed and missing would not have been memorialized had we won the war and erected a monument instead. Among the specifications for the memorial's commission was the stipulation that it show the names of all the U.S. dead and missing (the battlestone of Thermopylae only memorialized the Spartans, not their Theoan or Thespian allies) and that it make no political statement about the war. But just being called a memorial is as eloquent as not being called a monument: not being forgotten is the thin compensation for not having participated in an event everyone wants to remember. The list of names, as a collective cenotaph, situates the memorialized war in the consciousness of the nation.

The Washington Monument is an obelisk, a monumental form with connotations of the trophy in Western art. Augustus carried obelisks to Alexandria, whence they were in time borne off to London and New York; Constantine brought one to Rome, where it was appropriated by Pope Sixtus V for San Giovanni in Laterano; Napoleon was obliged to cart an obelisk to Paris. The Lincoln Memorial is in the form of a classical temple, in which Lincoln is enthroned like a brooding god. It is a metaphor for sacrifice and a confession of the limits of human power. The Veterans Memorial carries no explicit art-historical references, though it consists of two symmetrical walls, mirror images of one another, right triangles sharing a common vertical base, which point, like a pair of long wings, east, to the obelisk of triumph, and west, to the temple of submission. Everything about it is part of a text. Even the determination to say nothing political is inscribed by the absence of a political statement. A third stipulation for the memorial was that it harmonize with its surroundings. It does more: it integrates the two structures it points to into a moral landscape. Because the two wings form an angle, the Veterans Memorial together with the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial compose a large triangle, with the long reflecting pool as a segment of the base.

The memorial was dedicated on November 13, 1982—Veterans Day—when there were only the walls and the names, each wall composed of seventy granite panels, with about 58,000 names and room for several hundred more. Two years later a bronze statue of three servicemen, done in an exacting realism, was added to the site. Their backs are to the axis that connects the Monument and the Memorial, as though they are oblivious to the historical meanings to which the walls return us by pointing. Like innocents who look at the pointer rather than that to which it points, they see only rows and columns of names. They are dazed and stunned. The walls reflect their obsessed gaze, as they reflect the flag to which the servicemen's back is also turned, as they reflect the Monument and the Memorial. The gently flexed pair of walls, polished black, is like the back of Plato's cave, a reflecting surface, a dark mirror. The reflections in it of the servicemen, the flag, the Monument and the Memorial are appearances of appearances. It also reflects us, the visitors, as it does the trees. Still, the living are in it only as appearances. Only the names of the dead, on the surface, are real.

The reflecting walls constituted the Veterans Memorial at the time of its dedication, but before they were in place a concession was made to a faction that demanded figurative realism instead of what it perceived as an abstract monument to the liberal establishment. Thus the bronze servicemen. Those walls could have stood on their own, artistically, but the bronze group could not have. As a piece of free-standing sculpture it is intrinsically banal. Its three figures belong to obligatorily distinct racial types: a black and someone vaguely ethnic—a Jew, perhaps, or some Mediterranean type—stand on either side of a Nordic figure. The central figure has a holstered pistol, but the end figures carry more powerful weapons—though not held in a position for use—and there are no empty spaces in the cartridge belts: fighting is suspended. The garb and gear of this war are precisely documented: visitors will learn how many eyelets were in G.I. boots and that soldiers carried two canteens. More realistic than the military figures that guard the honor rolls in

Alexander Cockburn on THE PRESS.

Andrew Kopkind on THE CULTURE WARS.

Stephen F. Cohen on THE SOVIET UNION.

Christopher Hitchens on WASHINGTON.

Bird and Holland on GLOBAL POLITICS.

Calvin Trillin on UNCIVIL LIBERTIES.

The voices of dissent speak out in THE NATION.

The Reagan Administration is not funny; what it's doing to the country, and the world, is very serious. The voices of dissent must speak out. And the best place to hear them is in *The Nation*.

The Nation has been questioning the abuses of power for 119 years. And there has never been a greater need for it than now. *The Nation* conducts its own investigations, reports the kind of news Jeane Kirkpatrick and Jerry Falwell don't release through the national wire services, and serves as the forum for the leading voices of dissent on the critical issues of our time.

If you think these voices are important, join your voice to theirs and subscribe to *The Nation*. There's a reduced introductory rate for you.

Add your voice to ours.
Special Introductory Rate
For New Subscribers.

THE NATION
BOX 1953, MARION, OH 43305

YES!!! Send me 24 issues of *The Nation* for $15, a savings of 50 percent off the newsstand price. I understand that I may cancel at any time and receive a refund for all unmailed copies.

☐ Double my savings. Send a full year for $28.
☐ My payment is enclosed—reward me with FOUR FREE ADDITIONAL ISSUES!
☐ Please bill me later.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

Add: Canada and Mexico: $3.50/24 issues, $7/one year; Other Foreign: $6.50/24 issues, $13/one year. Subscriptions payable in equivalent U.S. funds.

D530

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Civil War memorials, they look too much like specimens for a military museum, at least when considered alone. But they are greatly enhanced by their relationship to the great walls. In a way, the harmonization of their presence in the triangle generated by the walls is a monument to the triumph of political compromise rather than a memorial to artistic strife. The dead are remembered in their gaze, even when there are no living to look.

The walls are the design of Maya Ying Lin, who won a competition against 1,421 contestants when she was 21 and a student at Yale University. An Asian-American from Athens, Ohio, she was a child at the time of the memorialized conflict, too young to remember the tumult and the protest, which for her are simply history, like the War of Independence or the Civil War. The bronze group was done by Frederick Hart, a Washington sculptor, who was, ironically, a demonstrator against the Vietnam War. The irony is that artistic realism was associated with patriotism and endorsement of the war in the minds of those who insisted on figuration. They regarded the walls as a symbol for peaceniks. "A wailing wall for liberals"; "a tribute to Jane Fonda"; "a degrading ditch"; "the most insulting and demeaning memorial to our experience that was possible": these were among the nasty things said. The walls are nonfigurative, of course, but they are deeply representational, given the textual nature of memorial art (of all art, when it comes to that), and the question of the meaning of Lin's text was acknowledged by those who rejected what they took to be its supposed representation of reality. Its being black, for example, was loudly read as a sign of shame until a black general brought an abrupt end to that effort to pre-empt the language of color.

The winning design was the unanimous choice of a panel of eight experts, and it was accepted by the group that pushed the idea of a memorial as an expression of the feelings they wanted to have objectified. It gave a form to those feelings, as public art is supposed to do: the issues are never solely esthetic. It was accepted by 150,000 participants at the dedication. No one has defaced it, no one has tried to blow it up, though there was a threat of this once. It has been accepted by the nation at large, which did not even know it wanted such a memorial. It is now one of the sites most visited in the capital. Still, it was wholly appropriate that the design should have been put in question when a schism opened up, that intense emotion and antagonism should have raged, that terrible and foolish things should have been said by everyone. Lin mounted the same high horse favored by artists whose work is publicly criticized and accused the critics of sexism. Even so, her design held. It was not replaced by a monument, as though the tacit rules that govern the distinction between monuments and memorials finally prevailed. Those who wanted realism finally got their mannequins, not exactly where they wanted them, with the walls to their back and a proud flag flying at the vee, but off to one side, up a gentle slope, and at a certain distance, with the flag still farther away. By a miracle of placement, Hart's shallow work has acquired a dignity and even a certain power. The complex of walls and figures reminded me of a memorial sculpture of Canova, in which a single figure sits in white silence outside a pyramidal sepulcher. A dimension is even added to the triangular walls, wonderful as they are. The entire complex is an emblem of the participation of the public in the framing of public art. It did not, to paraphrase Richard Serra, cost the government a dime. More than 275,000 Americans responded to the call for funds with contributions in small denominations—those bearing the faces of Washington and Lincoln.

Lin's instructor told her that the angle where the walls meet had to mean something, and I asked myself, when I pilgrimed down one hot Tuesday in July, what its meaning was. A writer in the "Talk of the Town" section of *The New Yorker* described it as "a long open hinge, its leaves cut vertically into the ground, which descends very gradually toward the vertex." The hinge is a powerful symbol—we speak of "the hinge of fate"—and it has the mysterious property of opening and closing at once. Still, that is something of a misdescription. A hinge 140 feet long sounds too much like Claes Oldenburg, who might, consistent with his *oeuvre*, have submitted the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Hinge had he entered the competition. The *New Yorker* writer does better on a nearer approach: "a little like facing a huge open book with black pages." The book lies open now that the episode is closed and all or nearly all the dead are known. A book of the dead. And that would fit with their being listed in chronological order from the first one killed in 1959 to the last one killed in 1975, when the remaining Americans were evacuated from Saigon as the Republic of Vietnam surrendered, on April 30.

This brings me to my chief criticism of Lin's work, which concerns an incongruity between narrative and form. An effort has been made to make the slight angle meaningful by having the narrative begin and end there: RICHARD VANDE GEER is at the bottom right of the west panel and DALE R BUIS is at the top left of the east panel on either side of the joint. As though a circle were closed, and after the end is the beginning. But a circle has the wrong moral geometry for a linear conflict: the end of a war does not mean one hopes, the beginning of a war. As it stands now, we read from the middle to the end, then return to the other end and read again our way to the middle. This means that the terminal panels, architecturally the most important, carry one name each, but the end points of the walls are not the end points of the list. If the first were first, we would read through to the last, from left to right. The panels grow larger, which is to say the space in which the walls are set grows deeper, as we approach the center. So there are more names on the central panels than on the rest. But that exactly reflects the shape of the war itself, our involvement being greatest in the late 1960s. So the angle could represent the high point and a turning point. And you would leave with the Monument before you, as you entered with the Memorial behind you, and the whole complex would acquire the direction of time and, perhaps, hope.

You can read a chronicle of the making of this singular work in *To Heal a Nation*, by Jan C. Scruggs and Joel L. Swerdlow (Harper & Row). The memorial would not exist without Scruggs, a veteran of that terrible war and a man of great vision. I like to think that the voice of the book, optimistic, enthusiastic, conciliatory, is his, whoever did the writing. It also contains some photographs, but there is really no way to imagine the memorial from them, or from any pictures I have seen. For that you must make a visit. If you know someone who was killed, an attendant from the National Parks Service will help you locate his or her name. The

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are all listed alphabetically in directories near the site.

Be prepared to weep. Tears are the universal experience even if you don't know any of the dead. I watched reverent little groups count down the rows of a panel and then across to the name they sought. Some place a poignant, hopeless offering underneath: a birthday card, a flag, a ribbon, a flower. Some leave little notes. Most photograph the name, but many take rubbings of it on pamphlets handed out by the Parks Service. You can borrow a ladder to reach the top names. The highest panels are about ten feet high—or, more accurately, their bottom edges are about ten feet below ground level. Someday, I suppose, visiting it will be like standing before a memorial from the Civil War, where the bearers of the names really have been forgotten and, since the theory is that the meaning of a name is its denotation, the names themselves will have lost their meaning. They will merely remain powerful as names, and there will only be the idea of death to be moved by. Now, however, we are all moved by the reality of death, or moved by the fact that many who stand beside us are moved by its reality. I copied down two of the names of which rubbings were made:

EDWARD H. FOX
WILBUR J. MILLER □

DANCE.

MINDY ALOFF

Tango Argentino
Dance Theatre of Harlem

"I am a desperate song," goes one of the numbers in *Tango Argentino*, a smash revue devoted to the tango which played City Center for a week in June and should be brought back for a month. "Poor and alone, you are without illusion, without faith," goes another. "Life is an absurd wound," goes a third. The male singers deliver the lines in assertive baritones; the women in smoky contraltos. Yet despite the existential bravado, even bathos, of the lyrics, the tempos are limber and dry. Underneath the plangent complaints are taut musical figures, walking two- and four-beat phrases touched by little hesitations, like someone traveling a long, lightless alley in the dead of night. The words tell you there's nothing to go on for, but the music records the adrenalin pumping away. This coupling makes popular theater that courts both the senses and the intelligence. One would like to know whether such complexity inheres in the tango or whether it stems from the particular vision of *Tango Argentino*'s author-producer-designers, Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli. (The two collaborated on a similar revue devoted to flamenco and are putting together one on black American jazz.) Do the tango palaces of Buenos Aires routinely showcase such sprightly rhythm and technical virtuosity, or are we witnessing a masterful transformation of a folk art, like Diaghilev's Russian Fauves or Balanchine's waltzing Viennese?

Although just half of *Tango Argentino*'s thirty-five songs were choreographed, the dancing was crucial to the sophistication and pace of the whole event. The tango's musical origins are obscure: one theory traces it to a Spanish-Indian ballad, another to a drum tattoo by African slaves. In the review we follow instead the dance's evolution from the nineteenth-century prototype, a challenge ritual for men ("thugs" says the program), to a contemporary bravura exhibition for mixed pairs. The idea of dance as the embodiment of local manners and sexual attitudes recalls Ettore Scola's film *Le Bal*, where the mores of twentieth-century Europe are traced through the activities of a single dance hall. But while *Le Bal* manipulates its dance anthology in support of literary or political agendas, *Tango Argentino* keeps its focus on shifting dance values: displacements of accent; introduction of pattering, ornamental steps executed at vertiginous speeds; the late use of acrobatic feats and balletic deportment.

The tango in the film is slowed down, camped up and otherwise deformed, and its sexual message is purely and simply embodied by the move that also serves as *Le Bal*'s logo, a man ramming his stretched leg between the striding thighs of his female partner. The penetration of one dancer's walk by the advancing leg of another *is* a staple of the tango, but *Tango Argentino* places it in so many different circumstances that the step is divested of fixed meaning. To begin with, it isn't the aggressive beginning of a phrase, the way movies and TV normally show it, but the surprise ending of one, which usually comes

WE HAVE WAYS OF MAKING YOU LAUGH

Library Journal once praised The Realist as "the best satirical magazine in America." However, Harry Reasoner complained that editor Paul Krassner "not only attacked establishment values, he attacked decency in general."

Krassner published The Realist from 1958 to 1974. Now he is about to launch The Realist monthly newsletter of social and political satire.

The Realist will not be available on newsstands. You are cordially invited to become a charter subscriber. Simply mail your check for $23 to The Realist, Dept. N, Box 14757, San Francisco, 94114.

If you subscribe to The Realist before October 1, we'll send you a free copy of Paul Krassner's Best of The Realist, recently published at $9 by Running Press. The L.A. Weekly calls it "the best and most relevant book in the stores today."

The Realist's network of contributors are girding their creative loins to help you laugh in the face of insanity. The time has come to attack decency in general once again. The taboos may have changed, but irreverence is still our only sacred cow.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVENTS.

BARGEMUSIC
At Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn
AUGUST 29, 7:30PM AND SEPTEMBER 1, 4PM
PROGRAM: Bach, Dohnanyi, Mozart
ARTISTS: Ida Levin, violin; Toby Hoffman, viola; Gary Hoffman, cello.
Tickets $10, seniors/students $8.
For reservations call (718) 624-4061.

The Berkshire Forum
ANTHROPOLOGY OF MAINSTREET, USA
SEPTEMBER 13 TO 15
With Johnnetta Cole Hunter College
This is one in a series of weekend vacation workshops which run through December, offering intellectual stimulation in a beautiful, rural New England location.
For schedule and lodge reservations: Berkshire Forum, R.D. 1, Stephentown, NY 12168. (518) 733-5497.

FORUM
DEATH SQUADS: THERE AND HERE
New York City—Central America—South Africa
WITH: C. Vernon Mason, candidate for Manhattan District Attorney, representatives of El Salvador's FDR-FMLN and the African National Congress.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5 AT 7PM
P.S. 41, 11th Street off 6th Avenue
New York City
Wine and cheese reception at 6 PM
Suggested donation $3.
Sponsored by Friends of C. Vernon Mason and Mid-Atlantic CISPES. Childcare provided. For information (212) 255-6323 and (212) 219-0147.

EVENTS PLACEMENT FORM

Information

Event ads are $17.50 per ½ inch.
Discounts: 2 runs 10% off
3 runs 15% off
4 runs 25% off
Typesetting: We typeset all event ads. Logos/artwork can be incorporated for an extra charge of $10.
Deadline: Friday, 15 days before Saturday cover date.

Placement

Enclosed is a check* for:

____ $35 for a 1-inch ad
____ $52.50 for 1½ inches.
____ $70 for 2 inches.
____ $____for____inches.

* Estimate size by comparing your ad to recent event ads.

Organization: _____
Address: _____
_____
Phone: _____

Clip form, attach ad copy and send to The Nation, Events, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.
Event ads are also accepted over the phone, at (212) 242-8400.

after a little whipped rotation of the leg called a rond de jambe. The partner who is penetrated must participate through some tricky timing, so the emotional associations range from mutual deceit to protracted delight, and rarely touch on rape. The thugs use the move probingly, the way boxers use a jab. Young girls shyly practicing the tango at the turn of the century use it as a playful rehearsal of romance. The lesbian madam in a 1920s brothel uses it as a question mark or invitation. A contemporary tango by a sensational pair called Gloria and Eduardo uses it as a kind of structural engineering: the man and the woman vie in racing to hook their feet about each other until finally Eduardo supports Gloria as she extends her leg toward him and acrobatically jumps back and forth over it, penetrating the air.

A production that offers a painless education as well as enchantment is only possible with first-rate performers and designs of impeccable taste. *Tango Argentino* has both. Among the six pairs of dancers, Juan Carlos Copes, the chief choreographer of the show, deserves to be singled out for his partnering as well as his dances. (Some couples arranged their own numbers.) Among the four exciting and disciplined singers—two men and two women—one remembers especially Roberto Goyeneche, whose clarity of diction worked best with the overmiked sound system. The all-male chamber orchestra of twelve (bandonion, violin, piano, bass, cello, flute) was expert and unsentimental. And the midnight backgrounds and costumes of black, white, silver, gray and champagne by Orezzoli and Segovia swathed the action in a wintry elegance. Studying them, I was reminded of Robert Frost's "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," one of the few great North American tangos. (To find the rhythm, try singing the verses to the tune of "Hernando's Hideaway.") A desperate song of a night traveler, its austerity penetrates the mind as elegance—love and death U.S.A.-style.

Just sixteen years after its founding, the Dance Theatre of Harlem (D.T.H.) made its debut at the Metropolitan Opera House in June. Its gala opening, attended by Nancy Reagan, Ed Koch and notables from the entertainment world, offered a solid program: D.T.H.'s Creole version of *Giselle* and a new company production of Balanchine's *Stars and Stripes*. Although D.T.H. is no longer exclusively a black ballet company, it still represents triumphant proof that despite the doubts expressed by some, black dancers can be successful classicists. To see a primarily black cast, at the Met, in ballets whose concepts or themes feature American history (antebellum Louisiana for *Giselle*, 1950s small-town U.S.A. for *Stars and Stripes*) gives the fan an extra-artistic thrill.

Yet, looking over its Met repertory—Agnes de Mille's *Fall River Legend*, Valerie Bettis's *A Streetcar Named Desire*, David Gordon's new *Piano Movers* to music by Thelonious Monk, among other works—one wonders whether D.T.H. hasn't inherited the spirit of the "old" American Ballet Theater, with its emphasis on American narratives and collaborators, on theatricality (mime, dance-acting and elaborate scenic design) and on putting over a good show. D.T.H. audiences were especially fond of the company's skill at acting and grand gestures; the quality of spontaneous performance by principals Lowell Smith, Stephanie Dabney, Virginia Johnson, Donald Williams; the good-natured recoveries from falls and costume mishaps; and the engaging and individual beauty of the dancers. What they did not seem to applaud, and what I missed and worried about, is finesse and accuracy in the classic passages.

D.T.H. is performing larger than life now, but it's dancing very small. The corps is drilled so that arms and legs rise to an identical level, but the impulse for the extensions looks imposed, brittle. Point work is competent but hasn't progressed over the past several years. Everyone's body is svelte and beautiful, but no one has been pushed or stretched beyond a comfortable norm. The acting is wonderful, but faces are now more mobile than legs; characters can achieve enormous mood swings without preparation, but to rise from a demi-plié takes forever. The male contingent, once D.T.H.'s glory, has declined in technical quality and performance impact. Of course, a huge opera house like the Met exaggerates every nit, but for someone who has followed the company for some time (I first saw them in Buffalo about fifteen years ago), it is sad to see them buy theatrical strength at the expense of the classic dance qualities that gave them their noble style. The prob-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lem, which coincided with the terminal illness of D.T.H.'s distinguished leader and co-director, the late Karel Shook, should be solved in the classroom.

D.T.H. still offered one good story-less novelty. *Piano Movers*, a premiere by modern dance choreographer David Gordon, is uninsistent and a little too obsessive in its pacing, but the company looked at ease in it, and, most important, related to one another as dancers rather than as characters. The choreography is straightforward. Step follows step follows step, and it's the quality of the movement that sells the whole. The score helps to make the piece look remote. Thelonious Monk is, even at this late date, still advanced jazz to many Met theatergoers, and although the five selections that Gordon has used are among Monk's more accessible tunes, it's not until the third, "(Just the way to say) I love you," that one hears a steady accent identifiable as a beat for dancing.

Gordon is still experimenting with what dancers on point can do, and he still seems to be intrigued with the various qualities a point shoe can express—traction, torque, percussion, skimming, revolution. He's also still examining the relationships one can isolate in a group—odd man out, the duet, the trio, the quartet. But *Piano Movers* is also a statement by a mature artist whose forte is texture. The ballet begins as a pedestrian group work; reduces itself to couples and trios while elevating the movement to jumps and tosses; then builds by levels of line to self-sculpture, one couple seeming to overlie the next. The final image is a lovely tableau of the dancers collected around a piano, with a woman rising on point in arabesque on the lid. *Piano Movers* received a lukewarm reception the night I attended, but it deserves a second look. No tragic stories in it, no meaty acting roles, no familiar Debussy, but as far as dancing goes, it's the real thing. □

When drafting your will, please consider making a bequest to *The Nation*.

For information, write or call: Office of the Publisher, *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011 (212) 242-8400.

CLASSIFIED.

While we reserve the right to refuse any advertisement that we believe to be fraudulent, illegal or offensive, The Nation *wishes its readers to know: a) we do not have the facilities to check out the promises made by our advertisers; and b) we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

APARTMENTS DESIRED

PLAYWRIGHT with 2 political dramas opening this next season seeks affordable Manhattan rental or long-term sublet for self, wife and child. Please call Steve DiLauro (212) 982-5411.

NATION EMPLOYEE and cat seek rental or one-year sublet downtown. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

PARK SLOPE VICINITY. Share with woman and cat. Nonsmoker. Convenient, tree-lined block. $350 per month plus utilities. (212) 349-6460 (days).

EAST VILLAGE. Share a quiet, two-bedroom apartment. Nonsmoker. $475 per month. Call Neil Black at (212) 242-8400 days, (212) 260-5154 evenings.

BOOKS

HELLBENT ON INSANITY. The best college humor of the 1970s and 1980s. 240 pages of politics and parody. Large trade paperback. Just $9.95, plus $2 postage: HELLBENT ON INSANITY, Box 4586, Rockefeller Center, New York, NY 10185.

NUCLEAR DEVIL'S DICTIONARY exposes the language and logic of nuclear policy. Satanic satire, 385 definitions, 44 editorial cartoons, 7 Pulitzer Prize winners. Satisfaction guaranteed. $7.95 postpaid. Usonia Press, Box 19440-C, Diamond Lake Station, Minneapolis, MN 55419.

BOOKLETS

SCHOLARLY BOOKLET PROVES JESUS NEVER EXISTED!

Conclusive proof Flavius Josephus created fictional Jesus, authored Gospels. AMAZING but **ABSOLUTELY INCONTROVERTIBLE!** Send $4 to Vector Associates, Box 6215-B, Bellevue, WA 98008. Or request details.

EDUCATION

STUDY SPANISH IN NICARAGUA

Four hours of classes daily, meetings with political leaders, family living, and community work. Apply now for August, September and October sessions.

Casa Nicaraguense de Espanol. 70 Greenwich Avenue, No. 559, New York, NY 10011. (212) 777-1197.

"NICA": ESTELI, NICARAGUA

Learn Spanish in revolutionary Nicaragua! NICA offers year-round programs of family living, language classes, community work and seminars with Nicaraguan leaders. Apply now for fall 1985 sessions. Call or write: NICA, Box 1409, Cambridge, MA 02238. (617) 497-7142.

GAMES & PUZZLES

THE NATION'S BEST PUZZLES: brain-teasers by Frank W. Lewis, collected in book #4. Send $4 ppd. to E.S. Lewis, 1620 Acushnet Avenue, New Bedford, MA 02746.

INSURANCE

DONALD SHAFFER ASSOCIATES, INC.
INSURANCE AND FINANCIAL SERVICES
Specialists in Pension & Employee Benefit Planning
11 GRACE AVENUE, Great Neck, NY 11021
212-895-7005, 516-466-4642

ORGANIZATIONS

RADIO UNNAMEABLE CABAL, WBAI PACIFICA. If the words "good morning, cabal" ever meant anything to you; if you ever listened until "bye-bye, I wuv you," you are a member of the cabal in good standing. I want to establish a network of all of us; object: fun and social change. Shall we have a Party? Please send name, address, phone number to: Bob Fass, WBAI, 505 Eighth Avenue, New York, NY 10018.

NATIONAL WRITERS UNION. Collective bargaining. Grievance procedures. Health insurance. Journalists, authors, poets, commercial writers. National Writers Union, Box C, 13 Astor Place, New York, NY 10003.

WOULD YOU LIKE to be more closely involved with The Nation? Join The Nation Associates and get behind the scenes at America's oldest weekly journal of opinion. Call Nancy Bacher (212) 242-8400.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS. Apply for 1986 summer legal interns for your organization. Contact National Lawyers Guild Summer Projects, 1205 Smith Tower, Seattle, WA 98104.

WOMEN INTERESTED IN STUDYING MARXISM. New York City. Knowledge helpful. Feminist background required. Group forming in October. Nation Box 33.

ATTEND U.S.—NICARAGUA Colloquium on Health. Unique opportunity for exchange with Nicaraguan health workers. All types of health workers are needed for teaching, fact-finding and tour components of conference. Project of Central America Health Rights Network. Call (415) 431-7760, or write Colloquium, CHRICA, 513 Valencia Street, No. 6, San Francisco, CA 94110.

PERSONALS

CONCERNED SINGLES NEWSLETTER links compatible, peace-oriented singles, all areas. Free sample: Box 7737-A, Berkeley, CA 94707

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS for all cultured singles. 3,000 members. Nationwide. Established 1970. Write Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039 or call (215) 358-5049.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

BUSINESS MANAGER for public interest magazine. Send resume to: Multinational Monitor, Box 19405, Washington, DC 20036.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

PROGRAM COORDINATOR. National coalition of 55 religious, peace, and social action organizations seeks Human Rights Program Coordinator to organize and facilitate national grassroots and Capitol Hill strategies on human rights issues, with special emphasis on U.S.—Central America policy. Experience in local organizing essential; congressional work desirable. Send resume, cover letter, and writing sample to: Cynthia Washington, (N) Coalition for a New Foreign and Military Policy, 712 G Street, SE, Washington, DC 20003. No phone calls. Deadline: September 27.

PUBLISHING—PROMOTIONS MANAGER. Socially conscious academic and trade book publisher in western Massachusetts needs creative person with direct mail, advertising, publicity, copywriting experience in publishing or related field. 3 hours to New York, 2 hours to Boston. Bergin & Garvey Publishers, 670 Amherst Road, South Hadley, MA 01075.

DEVELOPMENT ASSOCIATE, Part time. Assist in foundation and direct mail fundraising at a national nonprofit with foreign policy focus. Tremendous opportunity for learning and career growth. Must be well-organized, able to work under pressure, with excellent communications skills. Computer experience and tolerance a plus. Permanent position with good benefits. Resumes to: NACLA, Search Committee, 151 West 19th Street, New York, NY 10011.

MARKETER. Third World news agency in New York City seeks marketer for special human rights projects. Sales/business experience a must. Journalism background preferred. $18,000 a year plus benefits. Send resume to: The Nation Box 47.

PROGRAM AND ACTION DIRECTOR, Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Responsible for creatively developing and implementing national program to assist local and national organizing. Experience in national peace activity; commitment to work for social change; excellent speaking and writing skills; knowledge of current issues and willingness to do some traveling. Salary: $13,500 with paid vacations and health benefits. Send resume, writing sample and references to: WILPF National Office, 1213 Race Street, Philadelphia, PA 19107. Attn: Pam Jones-Burnley.

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

PUBLISHER for THE MICHIGAN VOICE, a progressive, alternative monthly. Michigan's "muckraking newspaper," says The New York Times. Excellent business and strong promotional skills with a desire to work for a movement publication are necessary. Hard work, long hours, decent salary. Send letter and resume to: THE MICHIGAN VOICE, 5005 Lapeer Road, Burton MI 48509.

ALTERNATIVE JOB/INTERNSHIP OPPORTUNITIES! The environment, women's rights, disarmament, media, health, community organizing, and more. Current nationwide listings, $3. COMMUNITY JOBS, Box 1105, 1520 16th Street N.W., Washington DC 20036.

POSTERS

GENITALIA OF ANIMAL KINGDOM. Poster depicts 12 male organs from man to whale. Scientific but funny. $10. Poster C, Box 1348, New York, NY 10025.

PUBLICATIONS

SOMETHING NEW FROM PITTSBURGH. LABOR'S POINT, Part 1, a popular history of a city of working people. For your copy send $7 to Labor's Point Press, Box 81855, Pittsburgh, PA 15217.

EVERY STUDENT should read GUARDING THE IVORY TOWER: Repression and Rebellion in Higher Education. Lucha Publications, Box 12671, Denver, CO 80211.

THE PEOPLE. Socialist biweekly covering major national/international developments. Since 1891. $4/one year, includes free pamphlet, "Capitalism and Unemployment." $1/four months. The People (N1), 914 Industrial Avenue, Palo Alto, CA 94303.

TECHNOCRACY - TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for $2 from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, OH 44874.

BLACK STAR: Current issue features Noam Chomsky on Vietnam. Sample copy $2. Box 3506, Tucson, AZ 85722.

PUBLICATIONS

LABOR AND RADICAL HISTORY. Catalogue of rare and out-of-print books now available. Metacomet Bookshop, Box 2479, Providence, RI 02906.

THE ROSENBERG DEBATE TRANSCRIPT AND TAPES. The historic debate, "Were the Rosenbergs Framed?" sponsored by The Nation and The New Republic at Town Hall on October 20, 1983, can be purchased in typed transcript and/or cassette tape form. Complete transcripts are available for $24 each; tape cassettes are $19 each. Special discounts are available on orders of five or more. Make checks/money order payable to The Nation Institute and send to: "Rosenbergs," The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. If you'd like more information, call (212) 242-8400.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT HOMES from $1. (U Repair). Also delinquent tax property. Call (805) 687-6000, ext GH-3596 for information.

RELIGION

136 + BIBLICAL CONTRADICTIONS, 49 Biblical Absurdities, More! $3. Crusade Publications, Box 200-U, Redmond, WA 98052.

RECIPES

EASY—EGGLESS CHOCOLATE MOUSSE, incredible versatile marinara sauce (Italian tomato sauce) plus much more valuable culinary information. Send $3 to C.G.F. Services, 177 Riverside Avenue, Newport Beach, CA 92663.

T-SHIRTS

Show the world how you feel with this graphic T-shirt. Red and black design on red-trimmed white cotton/poly T-shirt (made in U.S.A.). Sizes S,M,L, XL. $7.98 each, postage paid. Write for quantity discounts. Send check or money order to: Topical Tees, 1065 Levick Street, Philadelphia, PA 19111.

For the convenience of those who wish to place a classified notice in *THE NATION:*

RATES: $.80 per word, 15 word minimum; telephone and POB numbers count as two words, abbreviations and zip codes as one. Classified Display: $35/column inch. Copy deadline 17 days prior to issue date. **Payment must accompany order.**

Take advantage of our special offer: place an order for three insertions of your ad, and we will print a fourth insertion free!

TO: *THE NATION*
Classified Department
72 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., NY 10011

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for my advertisement to run ____ weeks

Advertiser _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Copy: _____

Payment in U.S. currency

THE BILL OF RIGHTS T-SHIRT SALE!

First Ten Amendments to the Constitution screened on a Quality T-Shirt

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

CORONA GRAPHICS
DEPT. 115
395 RIVER ROAD
BOX 1084
E. LIVERPOOL, OHIO 43920

SPECIAL
2 For $13.95 PPD!

$9.95 Each PPD.
Red/White/Lt. Blue/Yellow
S/M/L/XL
Visa & MC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T-SHIRTS

FASHION CONSCIENCE or fashion conscious, wearing a Nation T-shirt makes a statement. Black with white lettering, "The Nation" is printed on the front and "since 1865" on the back. All cotton, S, M, L and XL. $8.95 each, including postage. (New York residents add sales tax.) Mail check or money order to The Nation, Fashion Mart, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

TRAVEL

MARAZUL TOURS. Largest U.S. operator of tours to Nicaragua. One- and two-week study programs scheduled throughout fall and winter. 250 W. 57th Street, New York, NY 10107. (212) 582-9570, (800) 223-5334.

LOOKING FOR ATTENTION?

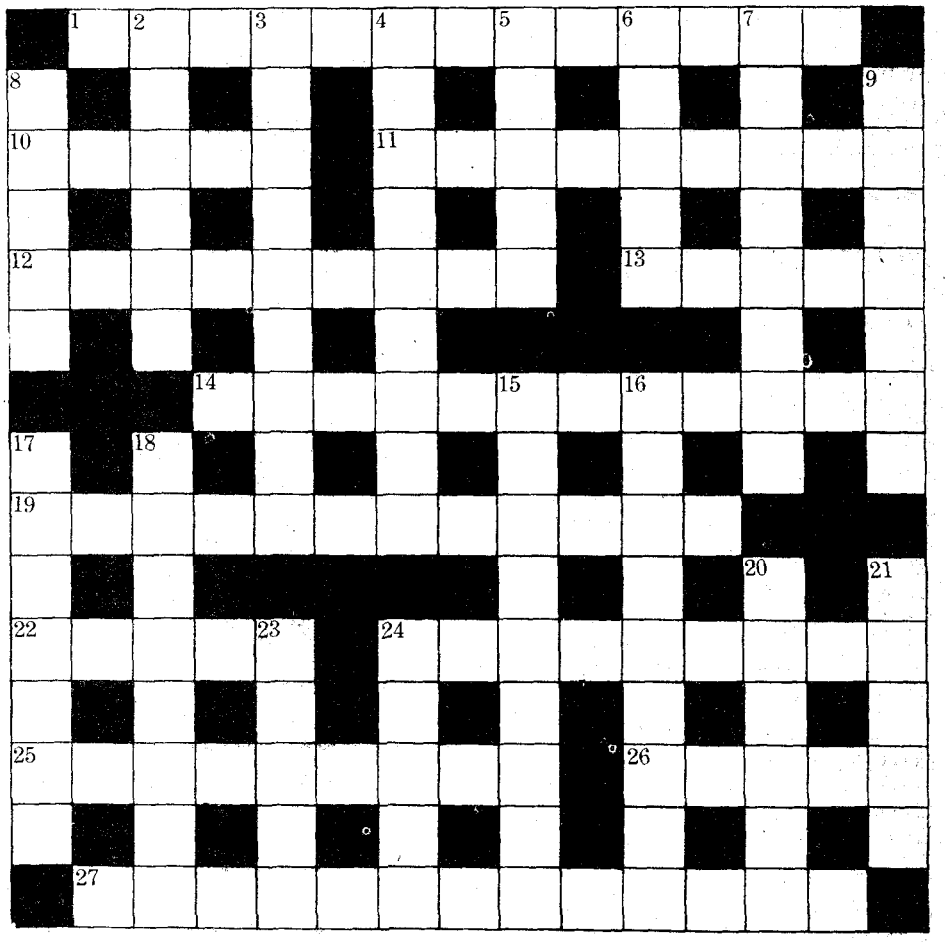
The Nation's classifieds work. They locate highly qualified job candidates, sell books and magazines, publicize counseling and legal services, promote travel programs. For under $20 you get the attention of The Nation's 200,000 dedicated readers.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2066

S	C	O	R	N	E	D	■	D	E	L	T	O	I	D
T	■	V	■	A	■	I	■	R	■	I	■	R	■	E
R	E	E	D	Y	■	S	T	I	C	K	P	I	N	S
A	■	R	■	S	■	M	■	V	■	E	■	F	■	I
W	E	S	T	■	L	A	C	E	R	A	T	I	N	G
■	■	E	■	L	■	Y	■	S	■	W	■	C	■	N
S	T	E	P	I	N	■	A	U	T	O	D	E	F	E
Y	■	■	■	G	■	F	■	P	■	M	■	■	■	R
N	U	T	S	H	E	L	L	■	C	A	U	C	U	S
T	■	E	■	T	■	A	■	A	■	N	■	O	■	■
H	E	L	L	H	A	T	H	N	O	■	F	U	R	Y
E	■	L	■	O	■	T	■	D	■	W	■	N	■	A
T	R	E	M	U	L	O	U	S	■	A	L	T	A	R
I	■	R	■	S	■	P	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	D
C	A	S	K	E	T	S	■	E	X	T	O	R	T	S

Crossword Puzzle No. 2067

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Comparatively presumptuous? (Says he's afraid, otherwise.) (5,2,1,5)
10 Real/false unknown quantity—one does it with ease. (5)
11 Traditionally blue flower? Beautiful! (3,6)
12 Instructions for bubble formation might be deadly. (9)
13 Mark implied they're not buried with bones. (5)
14 Did it begin with Francis Scott—or might it refer to F? (3,9)
19 What Dr. Pangloss proclaimed? That's what chicken soup will do for you! (1,5,2,4)
22 Does it imply correct actions in the teeth I chew with? (5)
24 It shouldn't be written on many subjects. (9)
25 What pitchers may rely on is not good for some body. (9)
26 Some potatoes may be associated with such a state. (5)
27 Super duper? (10,3)

DOWN

2 Byron told the ocean to do it, but a picnic plate might be served with one. (4,2)
3 This is "it," as they once said. (3,6)
4 Stop in at a change of course. (9)
5 Some say this with a bet! Helps, too! (5)
6 What the Minotaur lived in? (Surprise!) (5)
7 Some poker debts are like some scholars! (8)
8 Works in the garden? They're no good in the garden! (Takes after them for provisions.) (5)
9 Didn't eat at all around one point but still ate very well! (7)
15 Like Goliath, you can make an agent gain this. (9)
16 A square shouldn't have one near. (9)
17 Glazed earthenware might be first class, but the shady dealer gets around it. (7)
18 One who considers himself a lover might have a good deal, with curling hair and nothing else! (8)
20 Can a legal official, in short, make it in a different country? (6)
21 Hellholes, in a way, especially for the Hebrews? (5)
23 Given an inch, this tease might get the bird! (5)
24 Part of the battery works from one. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

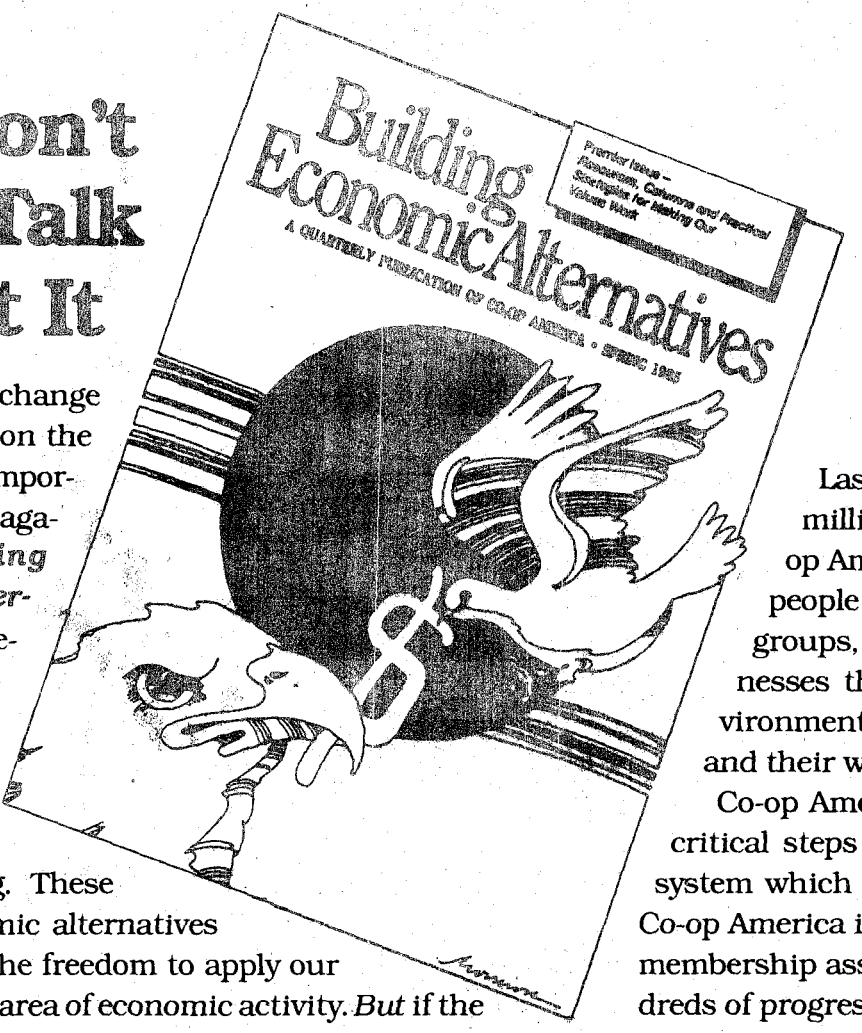
PUZZLED?

No more cross words. Find out why "little skipper" is a "truant." Send for a free copy of Frank W. Lewis's Ground Rules to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

LOCAL ONE AMALGAMATED LITHOGRAPHERS UNION LABEL NEW YORK X-523

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We Don't Just Talk About It



Talking about change and reporting on the successes are important. In our magazine, *Building Economic Alternatives*, we present the practical strategies that communities and businesses are developing. These are the economic alternatives that allow us the freedom to apply our values to every area of economic activity. *But* if the business that runs so much of our society is ever to be influenced by our values, it will also take *economic action.*

WE DO IT!

Last year, more than $4 million flowed through Co-op America from progressive people to co-ops, non-profit groups, and alternative businesses that care about the environment, their communities and their workers.

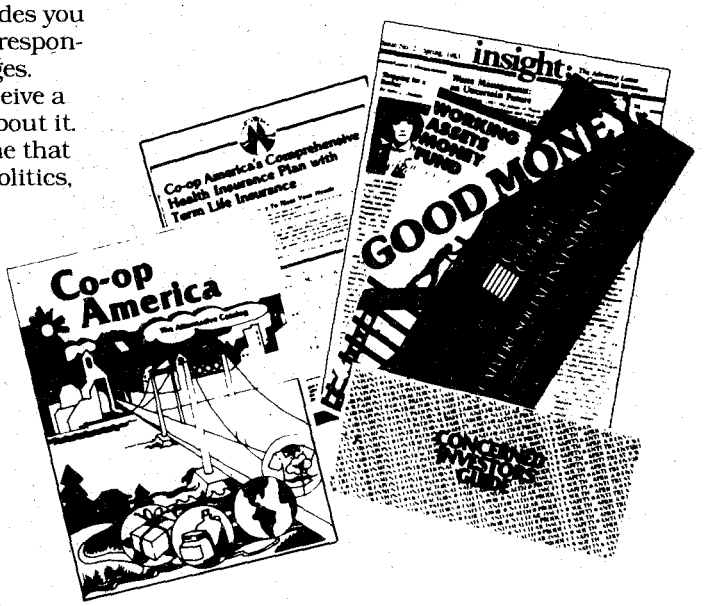
Co-op America is taking the *first* critical steps to build an economic system which lives up to our values. Co-op America is a non-profit national membership association linking hundreds of progressive organizations and thousands of equally concerned individuals.

We want you to join with us to build an economic alternative. . . a marketplace where social values and community accountability are as important as the bottom line.

To receive more information or to become a member complete the coupon below.

As a Co-op America member, here are some of the action-oriented benefits you receive:

- A Catalog with hundreds of products that will delight and challenge you—natural fiber clothing, political books, furniture, Appalachian crafts, gift items, Third World products, music, and much more—all from Co-op America member organizations.
- Access to an innovative health insurance plan that provides you with excellent protection and benefits as well as socially responsible investment of premiums and input into plan changes.
- Socially responsible investment information—how to receive a secure and strong return on your money and feel good about it.
- ***Building Economic Alternatives***, the quarterly magazine that provides practical strategies to help you integrate your politics, lifestyle choices and values.



Please send me:

☐ Membership Information ($15 annual dues)

☐ A Catalog ($1.00)

Name_____

Address_____ County_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Co-op America, 2100 M Street, NW, Suite 310, Washington, DC 20063. 1-800-424-COOP or (202) 872-5307 321

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED